Saturday Review

June 11, 1977

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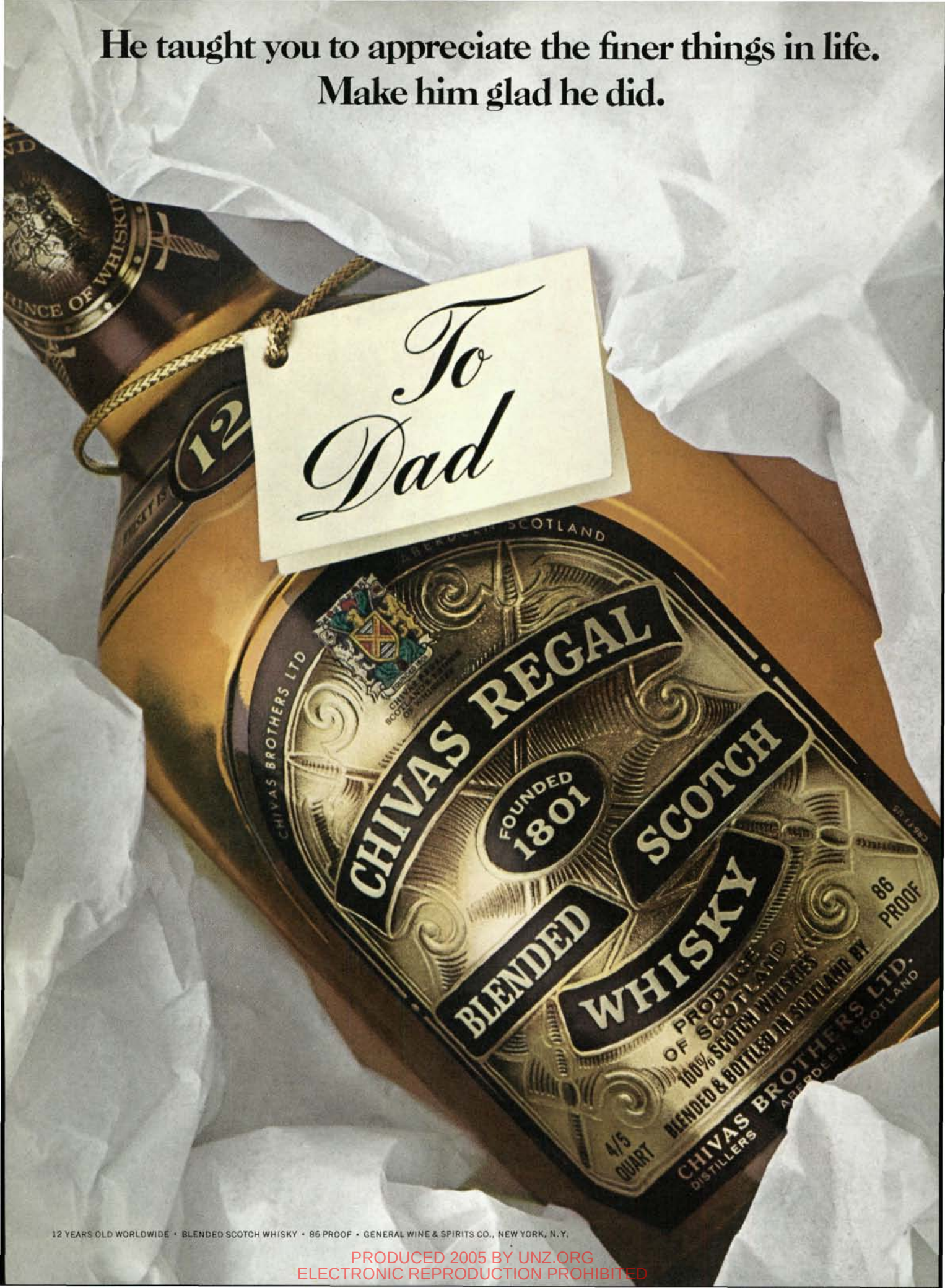

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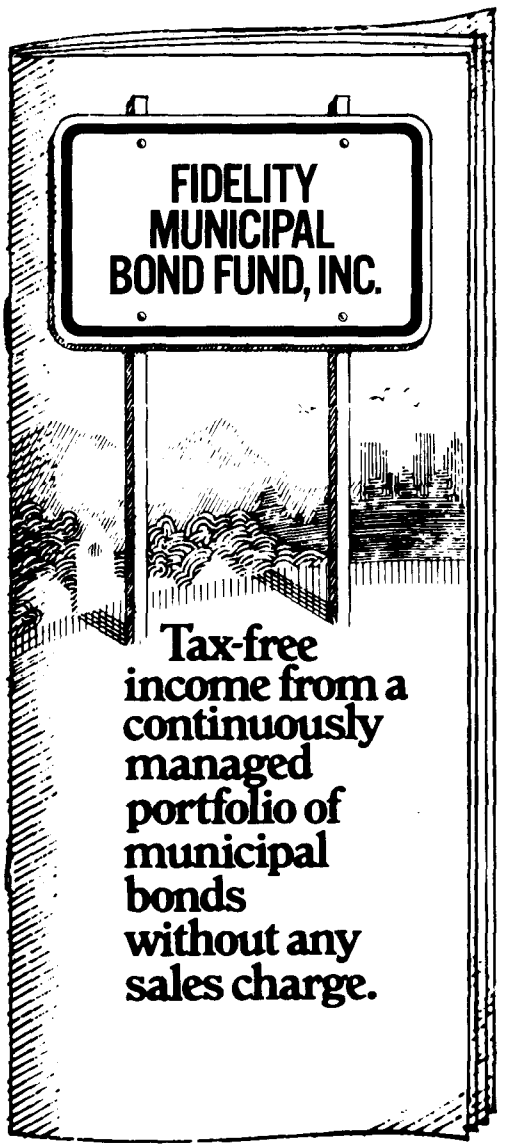
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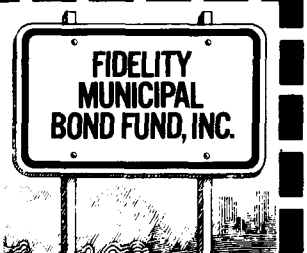

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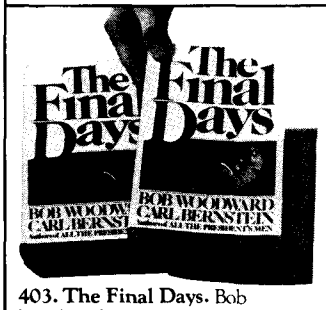

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A Giant in the Land

"Hutchins was exquisitely endowed to deal with a superabundance of conflicting causes and contending circumstances."

If it is true that a man comes to life in his paradoxes, then Robert Maynard Hutchins, who died last month at seventy-eight, was fully alive in all vital respects. He was a professional educator who sought to rescue the theory and practice of education from the professionals. He challenged the conventions of education but championed tradition, which inevitably represents the accumulation of past conventions. He was a classicist in literature and philosophy who constantly charted the future. He seemed, to many of his friends, to embody the Platonic ideal of the philosopher-king, but he couldn't be persuaded to accept the Socratic concept that anyone who is manifestly equipped to lead politically has the obligation to do so.

But these are creative and growth-making paradoxes. They lent color and substance to a life in which enormously complicated and troublesome challenges led to ever higher plateaus of achievement. Whether as a university president who, not content with redefining a curriculum, also redefined the role of the teacher and student; or as a prime mover in the field of natural rights and constitutional liberties, where he acted as a bridge between those who were affected by law and those who made the laws; or as an encyclopedist who saw new possibilities for the classification of knowledge, Hutchins was exquisitely endowed to deal with a superabundance of conflicting causes and contending circumstances.

Through all this challenge and flux, a magnificent constancy of character and purpose was apparent in his life and work. He never wavered in his belief in the power of the reasoning process and the fully developed mind. This accent on human potentiality served to unite him even with those who pursued contrasting philosophies. He was often juxtaposed against John Dewey because of the functional values of education associated with Dewey's philosophy, yet he frequently quoted Dewey's core belief that the purpose of education is to put people in possession of all their powers.

As Hutchins saw it, his own purpose as educator was to make people less uncomfortable in the presence of the reasoning process and, if possible, to enable them to take part in the process itself. And how is a respect for reason to be cultivated? By attaching value to values; that is, by attaching importance to the role of reason in the development of civilization. This philosophy went into the making of a new curriculum at the University of Chicago shortly after Robert Hutchins became its president at the age of thirty. He became attracted to the ideas of Mortimer Adler, who believed that the most effective way of producing an educated human being was through the liberal arts. By the "liberal arts," Hutchins and Adler were thinking of the great ideas that had shaped history. Out of this collaboration came the "Great Books" program, which has provided intellectual nourishment far beyond the range afforded by education in which the emphasis is on "usefulness."

Hutchins was not disdainful of successful and prosperous graduates. But he felt there is no surer way to disadvantage a student priming for a job than to send him into the world largely bereft of reasoning power and totally unaware of the workings of history. He liked to quote Lord Beaconsfield's comment that a practical man is one who practices the errors of his fathers. Against that kind of practicality Hutchins posed his own belief in an unintimidated ability to deal with abstractions and to engage in "the civilization of the dialogue."

He carried these beliefs over to the editorial management of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, of which he was chairman of the editorial board, and Mortimer Adler, chief editorial architect. Adler, who has few peers as an organizer and classifier of knowledge, worked closely with Hutchins in developing an entirely new encyclopedia that was intended to provide not just a reference tool but an extended liberal education.

Apart from the University of Chicago and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the undertaking for which Hutchins is best known is the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, which he founded. National attention has repeatedly been called to disaffection and turmoil at the center. The absence of a collective tranquillity, however, has never prevented the center's scholars and public figures from exercising their main responsibility—defining significant challenges for one another and for society in the pursuit of essential knowledge. In that sense, the center has made, and is continuing to make, its mark.

A decade ago, in an article for the *Saturday Review*, Robert Hutchins wrote that Americans can have "every confidence that, sooner or later, we shall learn what everything is made of and how everything works—everything, that is, except men and their societies. . . . Since experiments with human beings are intolerable, attempts to develop the scientific laws of human nature are likely to have limited success and application. But we can try to find out where we are, how we got there, what we know and do not know, and we can try to discern tendencies and probable results. . . . I think, in spite of all appearances, a new world is being born."

In so saying, Robert Hutchins expressed the essence of his educated hopes. He had the least ambiguous mind of anyone I have ever known. He was also a master of irony and humor. In his own mind and person, he provided a good example of a man who came into full possession of all his powers. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Human Rights—and Wrongs

Stanley Karnow ["Carter and Human Rights," April 2] slanted his comments concerning the Philippines toward U.S. colonialism and supremacy.

Certainly the Republic of the Philippines is operating under martial law. But to one who has just returned to the United States after an extended stay, there is no evidence of it. Six thousand political prisoners? How many are there here? Confiscation of firearms? Exactly what certain groups advocate in the United States.

Sure there is poverty in the Philippines; there is poverty in the rest of the world, notably in the United States. Moslem insurgents? How about the constant insurrection of the blacks and other minorities here?

Human rights? My observation is that the average working Filipino probably has more rights and less government than the average U.S. citizen.

C. R. Woodruff
Larkspur, Calif.

Every election year since 1952, the Soviets have taken it upon themselves to challenge the incumbency of power in America: *et tu*, Jimmy Carter. Why are Gromyko and Kosygin damning the new administration's arms plan? No doubt to make Americans skeptical of Carter's foreign policy before it gets off the ground. Or are they genuinely trying to make us believe that human rights is a bad idea? Are they attempting to goad the U.S. media into projecting a hazardous path for honest values in policy making? Look out, Mr. Carter; remember Kennedy's Berlin Wall and Cuban Missile Crisis.

Communism itself stands on a value-laden ideology, preached through Marxist-Leninist philosophy: we are constantly reminded that we are a decadent, bourgeois, capitalistic lot. Now that the thirty-ninth President chooses to atrophy the policies of Kissinger in favor of those of Thomas Jefferson, are we supposed to run, to cower in some corner, to ask the Soviets for forgiveness?

James P. Vander Meer
Oyster Bay, New York

Courage and Carter

Thanks for the April 2 coverage of the human rights situation around the world. Surely it now behooves us all to speak up loud and clear in support of President Carter's stance. He is saying, courageously and clearly, what the international conscience has long needed to hear.

Edith Hussey
Las Cruces, N.M.

With this issue, science editor Albert Rosenfeld begins writing a monthly *SR* Scienceletter.

Culture and Technology

I find it amazing that a magazine like *Saturday Review* should devote half an issue or so to the memory and accomplishments of Charles Lindbergh [April 16], but I am also pleased. I have noticed that in other issues where mainstream American culture has parted company with technocracy (I am thinking in particular of nuclear energy, to which you devoted an issue recently [January 22]) you have maintained a view balanced toward the idea of technological progress rather than toward reaction against it.

Paul Howard Stephens
Boulder, Colo.

First Flight

Your issue highlighting 50 years of transatlantic flight [April 16] was interesting, but it contained serious omissions and errors. First, Alden Whitman, your reviewer of *Lindbergh Alone*, is wrong in saying the Atlantic had been flown only once [from Ireland to Newfoundland] before Lindbergh. It had first been flown by a U.S. Navy team, departing Rockaway Beach, N.Y., on May 8, 1919.

And while Lindbergh may have hit the national fancy, the careful system of marker beacons, ship-to-shore and plane-to-ship communications, and the professional teamwork of aviators and ground crews is the basis for safe transatlantic flight—not the solo adventures of one airman.

Paul M. Craig
Northampton, Mass.

Lindy's Winds Are Wings

Ernest Gann's article ["Thirty-three Hours That Changed the World," April 16] is appropriate and up to his usual standard. However, I am disturbed by his concluding paragraph: "If I take the winds of the morning. . . ." (1) Who but a balloonist would take the *winds* of the morning to the uttermost parts of the earth? (2) What's with Lindy, trying to take credit for something out of the Old Testament?

Paul A. Piper
Towson, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The line, of course, taken from Psalms 139:9, should have read: "If I take the wings of the morning. . . ."

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What Makes Britain Great ...no matter what

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Happy and Glorious

by Horace Sutton

IT WAS a chill morning in the forest of Aberdare in the misty reaches of Kenya. They had spent the night watching game at the inn called Treetops, hung in a great fig tree overlooking a clearing where the forest animals and the plains game come for water and for salt. Now Elizabeth and Philip descended to Sagana Lodge, which had been given them as a wedding present from the people of Kenya. It was there, on that day, February 6, 1952, that the news came. George VI had died in his sleep at Sandringham House in Norfolk. Elizabeth was queen.

This week all Britain bubbles with celebration. The jubilee that marks 25 years of Elizabeth's reign is being commemorated in a dazzling flurry of spectacles—the queen driving in a carriage procession to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's; the queen abroad on the Thames, sailing in a "Royal Progress" by day and a river pageant in the evening; the queen driving from Windsor Castle through an avenue of torches and lanterns to light the first bonfire at Snow Hill. And then the hundreds of bonfires taking their signal from hers, sending flames of joy from the Shetlands to the Channel Isles. Some burning signals will crackle on beacon hills last lit in 1588, when the Spanish Armada was beating up the Channel.

The jubilee spectaculars that will sparkle all over the United Kingdom—and in the colonies and the Commonwealth nations—until the edge of winter are modern manifestations of monarchial and religious fetes that began with the pharaohs 4,500 years ago. Before Christ, the Hebrews celebrated sabbaticals every seven years, and every 50 years (after seven sabbaticals) they staged a *yobel*, a Hebrew word that is the origin of *jubilee*.

Pope Boniface VIII took up the idea in 1300 and decreed every 100 years as a Catholic jubilee, but that seemed too long between celebrations, and the interval was reduced to

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every 50 years, then to every 25 as tradition now dictates.

Some dusty documents attest to jubilees held by early British monarchs—Henry III in 1265 and Edward III in 1377, both on the fiftieth year of their reigns. George III, that old American nemesis, was the first of the modern monachs to celebrate 50 years on the throne. The jubilee came almost by afterthought, for it was not the best of times, "the King mad and the Regent bad," as Elizabeth Longford was to write in her biography of Queen Victoria. The expenditures to support the forces in the Napoleonic Wars had crippled the exchequer, and it was left to private citizens, merchants and bankers, to attempt a revival of spirits. Responding to a letter from a reader, *The Times* suggested a celebration. The idea so caught the public fancy that a "Grand National Jubilee of George III" was held from October 1809 to October of the following year. Splendid lawn parties were staged at Frogmore, all of Kew was illuminated (as the *Annual Register* for 1809 reported) by "variegated lamps," and processions coursed the City of London.

As is the custom, an amnesty was granted to deserters, and the beneficent lords of the Admiralty sent out the word that for every eight men in the Royal Navy an extra allowance of four pounds of beef, three pounds of flour, and a pound of raisins was to be issued, along with a pint of wine and half a pint of rum. Generosity and good feeling knew no bounds. Sentences of small debtors were commuted, too.

By the time Queen Victoria, the granddaughter of George III, had ruled for 50 years she had already been a widow for nearly a quarter of a century. Her visits to London had become few and her excursions to the Continent many. But now she returned, and the crowds who came out to cheer her in 1887, her jubilee year, seemed to infuse her with a new warmth. She went to thanksgiving services at Westminster Abbey preceded by a cortege of her own princes, but other princes were on hand, resplendently, from India, and kings came from Saxony, Belgium, Greece, and Denmark and joined her at what she called "a family dinner." That night the beacon fires were lit from Shetland and Orkney clear to Lands End.

Aside from the public spectacle, the jubilee had a deeper significance, for the spirit of approbation that welled out of the colonies, India included, imparted a reassurance of the monarch as the unifying symbol of the far-flung empire. Ten years later, by which time Victoria had achieved a reign longer than that of her grandfather and twice as long as any contemporary monarch except the emperor of Austria, the imperial manifestation was, if anything, even more pronounced.

The state procession that wound through London on June 22, 1897, for her diamond jubilee sparkled with mounted riflemen from Australia, black troops from West Africa, contingents from Cyprus, Hong Kong, Borneo, and from South Africa, Canada, and India. Colonial prime ministers were received, and on June 26 at Spithead, 173 warships drew up in a four-column line that stretched for 30 miles. London lit its streets with gas jets, an innovation when Victoria was young, but now there was the novelty of electric lights, too. Novel, too, were the telephones, which had not been invented at the time of Victoria's coronation. This time there were 2,500 beacon lights, and some of them would be turned on with an electric switch.

A JUBILEE mug—there will be some issued this year, too—bore a triple portrait of Victoria inscribed underneath with the legend: "The Centre of a World's Desire." Wrote a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* upon viewing the Royal Procession:

> . . . And you begin to understand, as never before, what the Empire amounts to. . . . We send out a boy here and a boy there, and the boy takes hold of the savages . . . and teaches them to march and shoot . . . and believe in him, and die for him and the Queen. A plain, stupid, uninspired people, they call us, and yet we are doing this with every kind of savage man there is.

By 1935, when George V celebrated his silver jubilee, the love of monarch and of empire had not eroded. The tribute came, wrote Hector Bolitho, "from the people . . . in small hamlets and far-away colonial towns and in the spirited cottages and tenements of the East End of London." Every night during the first week of May, King George and Queen Mary appeared on a balcony of Buckingham Palace to take the cheers of the crowd. "I'd no idea they felt like that about me," King George said following a rousing tour of the poorer neighborhoods of London. On May 6 he went on the radio to speak his thanks. "How can I express what is in my heart?" he asked. "I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the queen and I thank you from the depths of our hearts for all the loyalty—and may I say so?—the love, with which . . . you have surrounded us."

". . . if the jubilee's effect is not as wide as it was in George's day, or Victoria's, it is deep, standing as a symbol not just of a nation, but of a people's contribution."

Wrote Harold Nicolson, the king's biographer, a decade and a half later, "Surely there was magic in all this? The King, an unreal incredible personage, a resplendent hierophant bowing rhythmically in a golden coach, with diamond orb and sceptre in his hands, suddenly became a human voice—intimate and paternal—speaking to them from a box on the table between the sewing and the mug. . . . The effect was wide and deep."

This week the orb and the sceptre are in the hands of his granddaughter. The empire is vastly reduced, and if the jubilee's effect is not as wide as it was in George's day, or Victoria's, it is deep, standing as a symbol not just of a nation, but of a people's contribution. In the field of jurisprudence, in the matchless literature that spans 600 years, in the touchstone of the free press, in the annals of the theater that has informed, enraptured, and amused—in all this the British bequest to all nations and to all men is peerless in recorded history. It is in acknowledgment of that gift that this issue, dated the day of Her Majesty's official birthday in her jubilee year, is tendered—to her as sovereign, to the British people, and to our readers. ◉

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Echove & Associates

Prince Philip: The New Battle of Britain ... and how to win it

AS THE jubilee year approached, Prince Philip granted an interview to George Bull, editor in chief of the British magazine *The Director*. They talked for an hour in Prince Philip's library, a sunny room in the Buckingham Palace compound lined with books and with figures of British prime ministers. The interview was recorded, and in the transcript, extracted here by special arrangement with *The Director*, Mr. Bull's queries are in italics; Prince Philip's answers, in roman. Mr. Bull likes to feel that the figures of the British prime ministers were listening in, too.

The country has not only staggered into a prolonged economic crisis, but seems to be in an unusually low state of morale. People seem to be confused about what has happened and uncertain where to turn. Do you feel it is time for some words of reassurance?

PRINCE PHILIP: I think it is very difficult to find words of reassurance in a situation which is not very reassuring. What would be reassuring is to feel that there was a better comprehension of the problems, and perhaps a more realistic diagnosis first and then the more realistic prescription for the situation. But, you know, this is the tender area where one hardly dares enter. . . .

Behind all the gloom, there is still the feeling that the elements are there for a better future for all of us. How would you develop your "realistic prescription"?

You have got to remember that this crisis has been predicted for four or five years. People have been saying that if we go on this way certain things would happen. The question, it seems to me, has always been when the "crunch" comes how do you recognize that it is a crunch? The difficulty is that a crunch of this kind is not something that happens like a thunderstorm or a flood. It is rather like dry rot in a building: you don't know when it starts, you don't know when the crisis is, but gradually the place becomes uninhabitable. Gradually the situation is becoming less tolerable. On the other hand, if you get a country, which is, after all, full of quite intelligent and bright and enterprising people in a state of semi-collapse, it is also possible to arrange matters so that they can climb out of it again. I can see absolutely no reason why we shouldn't climb out of it again. There is a lot to build on; we have got quite a lot of successful sectors in the community and in the economy which are quite easy to build up again. It won't be easy, of course, to recapture things that we have lost, but it is there ready to be used. The problem is to create the infrastructure and the soil condition under which these things can grow, as opposed to not grow.

But do we have the will? You have said that in countries where you could have three pigs and 16 banana trees, there wasn't much incentive. . . . And you said in Britain, too, the

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ambition level was kept low. So where's the strength to build on?

It is there. But in Britain, people have failed to figure out what the ambition level is of various levels of society, and then try to fit incentives to match. We have tried to assume that human nature is different from what it is. Because you don't like the idea of people being avaricious, you can't simply say that avariciousness doesn't exist anymore. We have made a lot of wrong basic diagnoses, but worst of all is that we have forgotten what the basic qualities of human nature really are.

Yet even if we are more sensible about human nature, where are the basic economic strengths of Britain? Despite the oil finds, we are still short of raw materials. . . .

No, but we can do a very good value-added business. We always have done and I don't see why we shouldn't go on doing it. We have got a lot of qualities which are not shared by everyone round the world. If the Germans can make a go of it, I don't see why we shouldn't.

What are these qualities you find in Britain that aren't shared by others?

Well, in comparison to Western Europe I suppose our biggest advantage—which is perhaps only shared by the Germans—is an ability to organize. We have a remarkable organizing ability and we have got a remarkable merchant ability. Provided the system is compatible with our nature.

You see, I don't believe you will ever get a successful system to work unless fashion and inclination coincide. For instance, our highest point in cultural activity was during the Georgian period, when everything happened to coincide. Our natural inclinations and our cultural fashions coincided so that everything worked well. Then, during the industrial revolution, our genius for merchanting and inventing and commercial organization (and the fact that all this made a lot of money) all coincided just at the right moment. What has happened now is that our philosophical concepts at the moment are contrary to our natural inclinations. The result is that we are in conflict with the conditions in which we are living. And that demoralizes people.

Do you believe that one philosophical concept we have got wrong is that of "equality"? Are we seeing too much pursuit of that ideal?

Perhaps we have become overconcerned with failure. We are constantly making it seem that because people, some people, are badly off, therefore the people who are better off are wrong. We seem to have got the balance slightly wrong.

Some people obviously do think you can have a totally egalitarian system. But no one has achieved one yet above the level of a tribal society, a very primitive tribal society. It is the only egalitarian society I have ever heard of. You have got to keep the balance about right. If you swing the balance too far one way or the other, you either demoralize one end of it or the other.

You can't divorce philosophical concepts from politics, though, and there is some feeling that more and more people believe the parties we have have got it wrong: their programs don't correspond with people's aspirations. . . . There is this mood that fresh measures are urgently needed.

I don't think it is a question of actual measures. I think it

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is to do with attitudes. People are slowly coming round to feeling that they have been driven too far along one road. I think, at least I hope, it may be dawning on them that if you go on that way, things are merely going to get worse. That we have got to come back a little and not concentrate quite so heavily on the unsuccessful and the unfortunate and the underprivileged but try to create a situation where the enterprising can make their contribution, which will also help the underprivileged. We have forgotten one end of the story.

And then this change of attitudes will have to be translated into actual measures. It leads straight on, for example, to the kind of tax policies we should adopt in Britain . . . the need to restore motivation in practical terms. . . .

It is not so much how much to tax people—it is partly that—but it is also the *way* you tax them. I suspect very much that we have made an oversimplistic diagnosis of the whole problem. The tendency is to say we need to encourage initiative, so you have got to give incentives. Well, what is an incentive? One doesn't really know! So you come back to the question of ambition. If you can once establish what people's ambitions are, then you will be able to figure out what is the appropriate incentive for that ambition. That is on the personal side.

"The system of working for a living, making savings for old age, has been ingrained. No one dreamt it would ever be questioned."

On the tax side, certainly if you continue to look at income from investments as what is described as "unearned income," you are always going to disadvantage it, because unearned somehow or other sounds improper. If you call it "savings income," which is what it is, then it begins to look a bit more proper. Now if you clobber savings income so heavily that it is not worth putting any savings into things that earn income (and that is, after all, industry), they are going to go for capital growth, because this is the only way they can protect their savings. If you do that you take people out of investing in industrials and you force them into things like jewelry, pictures, china, and *objets d'art*. Even the trade unions are doing it. This completely destroys the system, anyway, because what has made one of the strengths—our economic strengths—has been the will of people to put their money back to work. The rate at which we reuse money, in Britain, is twice as fast as anywhere else in the world. The system is there. If you can make cash move twice as quickly, it takes the place of twice as much cash. So we have got to get the relationship between capital taxation and savings-income taxation right. We must also get right the relationship between those taxes which are really basically wealth taxes in relation to earned income. "Earned income" is a bad word because it is not a measure of wealth at all. You can only create wealth out of it by saving.

In fact, just as "profit" still seems a dirty word to many people, so we have to work off a . . . mistrust of capital.

That seems to be a peculiar attitude anyway, because what country in the world is not capitalistic? Look at all the comrade countries—they run their businesses entirely along capitalistic lines. They have capital, income, and investment—it is exactly the same—and dividends. The contrast is that they organize it slightly differently.

In fact, we seem to have done a poor job in educating people about the economic realities. Business has largely failed to do so. Schoolteachers seem to have failed to educate children as to the real world into which they are to be thrown to earn their living. . . .

That is partly true. But what, I think, has happened is that people have taken all that as being self-evident, because for generations the normal system of working for a living, making savings for your old age, investing your savings, has been so ingrained in everybody that no one dreamt that it would ever be questioned. So that when it was questioned there was no ready answer. . . . It seemed so self-evident that it didn't seem necessary to explain it to anybody. But you are quite right: the point about communications is to try to re-emphasize what the basic system is.

Perhaps we need to work hard at a new philosophy? As a counter to Marxism, which has been such a dominating intellectual force. It's won hands down in terms of influencing people, hasn't it? All our thinking, even if we are not Communists, is colored by Marxist assumptions. . . .

But Marx was a prophet of industrialism and it is an interesting thing that Marxism really only has a hold in industrial societies and communities. It doesn't really get into rural activities in any country, or where it does, it is not frightfully popular. Also where it does get a hold, it doesn't work very well because people don't understand it. What Marx seized on, in a sense, was that if you have an industrial system you are always going to have a huge majority of industrial workers. In other words you are going to have many more people without responsibility, in relation to people with responsibility, and they are going to be worse off. Therefore, if you have any kind of democratic system, and you can get together all the people who are *working* as opposed to organizing, they will always dominate it. Therefore, the Marxists say, let's devise a system which can be dominated entirely by the majority. Well, this is of course very attractive and it sounds as if it would work. But if you demoralize the initiative end of the business you destroy the very thing that you are trying to create.

In fact, in the Soviet Union the incentives are built back into the system. In Communist countries, the "differentials" are often greater than here. . . .

And even that doesn't help, and this is a very interesting point, because it just shows the relative problems. If you take the Russian defense setup and compare it with the American, you find that their equipment [all] the way across the board is virtually comparable in technological standard to the American—literally across the board. And I daresay their research-and-development and production facilities, their operating facilities, must be broadly comparable; and it would be ridiculous to suggest that if there was a conflict that they would come off very much worse. There is nothing incompetent about the Russians.

But when you compare the civil sector, there is absolutely

Continued on page 54

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The Play's Still the Thing

"Theatrical tourism" is the new growth industry, but it is the playwright who reigns supreme. The actor is only adored

by Robert Morley

It is my gleeful task not only to encourage Americans to come to Britain but, while they are there, to watch me acting. On some nights they come onto the stage after the performance and we congratulate each other on mutual perspicacity. They will, of course, see other shows during their visit, admire other ancient ruins, but it is a source of supreme satisfaction to me to know that I have helped construct part of this particular tourist trap and provided a portion of the bait.

Nowadays, the British wait for the tourists as the African for the rain. With it comes relief and a certain amount of discomfort, but the crops and the shows are saved. Producers breathe again. Alongside the corn sprout the mink and the blue rinses. Just as the casual inadvertence of some official drafting a clause in a bill to legalize church lotteries opened hundreds of casinos all over Britain, so a grudging grant to provide meager subsidies to a couple of theater companies created for ourselves a great new growth industry: Theatrical Tourism. The National and the Royal Shakespearean theaters were the twin umbrellas opened on a terrace to create a café chantant. Now all the commercial theater basks and shelters alongside. The tourists arrive to see Richardson and Gielgud, to visit the National and the Aldwych, and while they are waiting consume *No Sex, Please—We're British*, *Banana Ridge*, and *The Mousetrap*. Some of the plays in the fun-fair section of the exhibition wouldn't last a night on Broadway, but here they are enjoyed along with the mock-Tudor banqueting halls and Elizabethan wenches proffering mead.

The theater is a jungle in which the playwright, the actor, and the director struggle for supremacy. Sometimes the fight goes one way and then, for a time, another. I have lived through the reign of each in turn and now it seems to me the playwright is once more supreme. Pinter, Stoppard, and Gray stalk unchallenged by Olivier and Peter Brook. Once more the audience is invited not only to look and listen but to think as they once thought with Shaw and Galsworthy. There is a rich heritage in the British theater, but it is not, alas, the heritage of the actor, still less of the director. The playwright must in the final battle always prove the winner. His work, imperishable; his fame, enduring. I write "alas" because although I have tried my hand at both directing and playwriting, I am in essence one of those of whom Shakespeare wrote that we were destined to strut and fret an hour upon the stage and then be heard no more.

My generation of actors were trained to entice our prey. We kept an eye open, a claw sharpened, even when we professed to slumber. However deep the tragedy or shallow the farce, we never forgot to face front. Nowadays, the relation between player and public tends to be more sophisticated. Together they share a mutual experience of pain and sorrow. Sometimes the actor seems able to dispense with his audience—to no longer need them. He may choose or chance to perfect his performance on a wet afternoon in Shrewsbury, with hardly anyone watching, and thereafter the repetition for him may stale. For me this never happens. I never perfect a performance, though obviously I am sometimes better or worse, but I have learned that without a perfect audience, my struggle to the summit is impossible. I am aware as the curtain rises of the texture of the house. Some nights they will appear eager and willing; on others, listless and reluctant to follow the play. Once or twice during the evening they will change course, become willing and cooperative or grow sullen and bored. Suddenly the laughter is stilled, the coughing commences. Is it our fault or theirs? I have long ceased to wonder. An audience is like the sea, ever changing, never to be taken for granted.

Like most British children, I never really came to terms with the great dramatists of the past in the classroom, or for that matter in the school plays—Jonson, Marlowe, Congreve, Goldsmith, and, of course, the great William. Possibly because of my shape, the role of Portia always eluded me. If I got anywhere at all, it was as far as Gratiano, and it came as no surprise to me, therefore, that this was to be my first role in the professional theater, or very nearly. For a year or more I toured England and Ireland with Pa Benson* in a repertoire of eight plays in which he alternated Shylock with Jacques, Peter Teazle, Old Hardcastle, Caliban, and others. Even at his advanced age, he was a very spry old gentleman, but no longer able to concentrate for very long. Unless guided to the correct entrance, he was liable to advance dressed as Malvolio to announce to a startled but never resentful audience that "All the world's a stage." By this time the public were as used to him as they were to the classics. They didn't much care for either, but they came occasionally, as Christians to the Easter service.

The most humiliating afternoons were those we spent performing extra matinees at girls' schools in the neighborhood of the town in which we were playing at night. For some reason, the bus always dropped us at the gates and we had to walk up the drive in daylight and makeup, to speak the words in the gym while scores of children rustled the pages of their copies of the play in a usually vain attempt to find out where we all were. The comic, besides Benson himself, of course, was an actor called Henry Ford, the son of the famous Lotte Venne, who had inherited little of his mother's style but a good deal of her confidence. Never quite willing to learn the text, he usually made a good deal up fresh for each performance, pausing only occasionally to announce in a carefully timed aside, "No, that's wrong, kiddies!" In a

*Sir Frank Benson

Actor and dramatist, Robert Morley first appeared on the London stage 46 years ago. A fixture in such plays as The Man Who Came to Dinner, *he appeared on the screen in* The African Queen, Major Barbara, *and other films. His latest book:* A Musing Morley.

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way, I suppose he was of all of us the most Shakespearean.

It is unkind perhaps to remember Benson only in his dotage, when I knew him, but it was a colorful dotage. He was the only Shylock who consistently appeared in the trial scene bereft of knife, scales, or bond, each of which he remembered at some stage of his performance, when he would walk backward into the wings to have them placed in hands clasped behind him by the waiting stage manager. "But why does he walk backwards?" I asked. "Because," I was told, "when he is doing so, he believes he is invisible." Most of all, Pa believed in spiritualism and the ability of a Battersea medium to bring him in touch with the girl on whose behalf he had taken what was in those days the cataclysmic step of renouncing Lady Benson. Whatever the weather, whatever the distance, Pa would somehow manage to journey to London at weekends to renew his faith in life-to-come with his beloved.

For a time he purported to find something even in my Gratiano to praise. It was he who taught me to stand legs apart, the sword behind my back grasped in either hand. Alas, the scabbard was empty of all but plywood, and with my pushing out a buttock one day, it cracked and splintered and got a laugh. I was not encouraged to repeat the joke, but Benson would still sometimes send for me and try vainly to recall a piece of business perfected by Oscar, Ashe, or some other ghost of his past whose performance had pleased him. I was not the stuff of which ghosts were made and one afternoon remonstrated with him that it was long past my teatime. "You have seen one side of me, boy," he told me, his old eyes flashing with anger. "Now by God you shall see another." But of course, I never did. Old men forget.

The three great Shakespearean actors of my youth were Benson, Ben Greet, and Robert Atkins. All ran companies on a shoestring. None of them ever seemed to make money, but along with a fourth, Murray Carrington, whom many held to be the most formidable and the best but who had retired on account of his legs shortly before my debut, they raked and combed and harrowed the British Isles and planted in the breasts of the children and some of the adults who watched them an abiding distaste for the works of the master.

I suppose we have done a bit better since then. They still play him in Stratford, now and again at the National, and occasionally Gielgud or Scofield or Bates plunges in and brings to town his Prospero or his Macbeth. But the plays themselves, do they really excite and inspire my fellow citizens? A few perhaps, who have found solace in them all through their lives, but the vast majority of us can tell you the plot of Hamlet or Macbeth and quote a few lines remembered from childhood about the quality of mercy and are content to leave it there. We British are not an educated people; we leave others to do the learning just as we leave others to make the rules and worry about the economy. We are proud of Shakespeare just as we are proud of the monarch and Concorde. If other people don't want to know, we are not unduly disturbed; we don't particularly want to know ourselves. We are just glad that they belong to us—though we may wish sometimes the Concorde belonged to someone else. ◉

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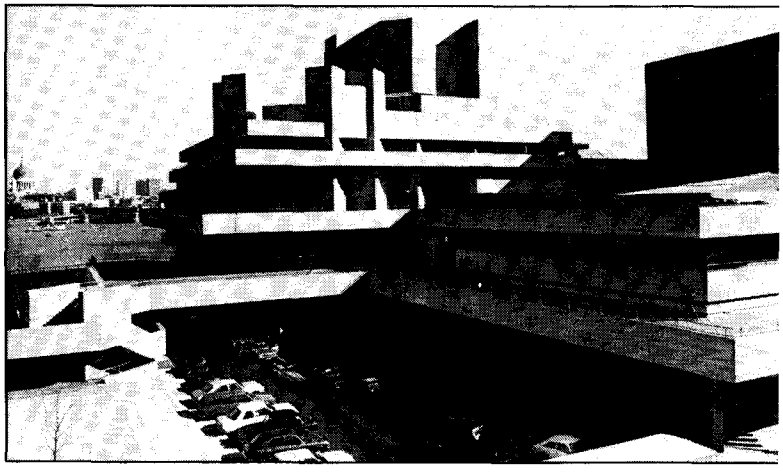
Sir Laurence Olivier as Hamlet in the 1948 film.

Jacob Brooke on Broadway in Tom Stoppard's Dirty Linen.

Keystone



London's National Theatre, South Bank of the Thames.

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The Literary Legacy

Whatever the future, England has left enough writing to occupy readers into the distant limits of eternity

by C. P. Snow

IN DARK moments, and we had some in 1940 and since, people in England have occasionally reflected that countries have been known to fade out of history. If that should happen to us, then what shall we have left behind? There have been several answers, some too complaisant for my taste—but one of the answers is acceptable enough. The country has produced one of the great literatures of all time. Maybe there are only three other competitors at the highest level—Greek, French, Russian. Of the four, English literature has had a continuous run for almost exactly 600 years.

That is, if we start for convenience sake with Chaucer. Of course, literatures don't emerge out of nothing. There were the beginnings of a tradition before Chaucer. But he was the first writer who was indisputably great and writing in a language near enough to ours. *The Canterbury Tales* were written toward the end of the fourteenth century. The monarch and the court were just beginning to speak English, in place of French, though French had given riches to the vocabulary. Chaucer himself, who was used as a diplomat, must have been easy in French and Italian, but, though his audience would have been restricted to court circles and people like himself, he chose to write in the vernacular tongue.

To this day, he seems very English. He had the kind of cheerful, acceptant realism that appears again in his most gifted successors, as in Shakespeare or Dickens. He was unillusioned and at the same time loved the variety in other human beings. He was beautifully eloquent. Incidentally, by the by, he was remarkably obscene. It is less obvious that that was very English—as was his repentance in the last version of the tales, when he prays to God for forgiveness.

Chaucer's language is captivating, but English hadn't yet settled down. By the time of Shakespeare, 200 years later, it was just doing so, not quite settled but nearly. That was the right period for a writer of supreme genius, and in fact Shakespeare had all the luck that a writer could ask for. The rough and ready stage of Elizabethan London was ready waiting for him. He was an actor and could make the theater work as he wanted—just as Marlowe's blank verse could be made to work as Marlowe wanted—as no dramatic poetry has ever done in English before or since.

Created a life peer in 1964, Charles Percy Snow, or Lord Snow, has published a baker's dozen novels, as well as assorted plays. He lectures in Britain and America and is married to Pamela Hansford Johnson.

The Granger Collection

Chaucer—"The first writer who was indisputably great."

He was not only a dramatic poet. He could have written wonderful plays in prose, if prose plays had been in fashion. Some of the most beautiful things in Shakespeare occur, as it were, casually, in the exchanges in ordinary conversational speech. Falstaff runs across a man he had known many years before, now living as a gentleman in the deep countryside. Shallow has become a garrulous old man, and in his orchard boasts about the times they had spent in student parties, drinking, picking up tarts. Falstaff says, "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." Anyone who can hear that without being moved has forgotten himself when young.

The speech in Shakespeare's plays is often simpler than standard Elizabethan prose, which was tortuous but still forming round him under the influence of two great works of art, though the authors would have been shocked to hear them so described: Tyndale's translation of much of the Bible (the foundation of the Authorized Version) and Cranmer's prayer book. Some of the greatest of English literature has always happened outside the conventional form. But Shakespeare was lucky as usual in the specific form that a writer of his time could scarcely help using. Plays were the thing. If Shakespeare had written only poetry, not plays, he wouldn't have been accessible to the world. He wouldn't have been recognized without argument as a writer who has never been surpassed. It often seems that he never will be surpassed. No poet pure and simple could achieve that universal recognition.

If we are making high claims for English literature, it is advisable not to overstate the case about our poetry pure

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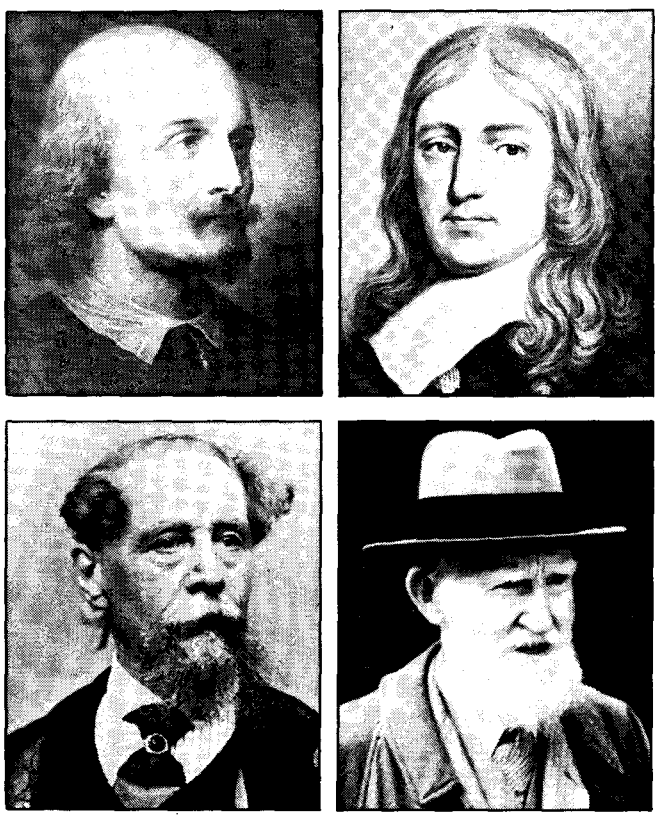
and simple. It means a lot to us; but there is not a developed literature anywhere on earth whose poetry doesn't mean a lot to its natives, and unless one speaks 20 languages perfectly there is no conceivable way to make a comparison. In the century after Shakespeare, my own favorite poets are Donne, George Herbert, John Milton (by the by, the only English writer who has ever been authentically and implacably revolutionary). I am certain that they are part of the literature as long as it endures. But I couldn't cross my heart and say that I am certain that they were better than various European contemporaries, as I could about Shakespeare compared with anyone else who has written plays.

Perhaps the sensible line is to be content that we had a succession of writers admirable in our own terms. We ought to admit that we didn't produce after Shakespeare a writer who was a world figure until the first years of the nineteenth century. Then there were two, Walter Scott and Byron; both for reasons above and beyond their talent—Byron for his romantic legend, Scott because he had more effect on the European novel than anyone before or since, setting the direction for the grandest of novelists, Balzac and Tolstoi. By now English literature was entering the second of its great periods, longer than the Shakespearean, far more prolific, successful at the highest level in every form except the drama. And successful in forms not previously invented, such as many kinds of entertainment literature. Only the stupidest of intellectuals wouldn't realize that *Alice in Wonderland* and Sherlock Holmes are among the blessings that English writing in its many forms has given to the world.



Keystone, The Granger Collection

The great writers, clockwise from top: Shakespeare, Milton, Shaw, Dickens—"A continuous run for 600 years."

The more you think about English nineteenth-century literature, the more impressive it seems. It was, of course, a marvelous century for literature elsewhere, as in France and Russia. Except for Dickens, the English contribution may not have touched the others' heights, but it was the work of far more writers of high gifts, and it had the substance and confidence of a civilization at the peak of its power. Now that we can get that whole culture into some sort of perspective, we can see that it wasn't blandly optimistic. Trollope, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, blandly optimistic? Or almost any of them? But they had fortitude. They were as acceptant as Chaucer, and as realistic. They weren't as bawdy, but anyone who believes we can instruct them about sexual behavior knows nothing of them and can't even have read their works with experienced eyes.

Scott, Jane Austen, Trollope, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hardy. Right through the century there was a series of novelists who had what one likes to think of as English literary virtues—good sense, stoicism, psychological rather than intellectual insight (if we forget George Eliot), a kind of tolerant wisdom. Except for Dickens. It isn't absurd to argue that Dickens was, after Shakespeare, the greatest writer in the language. He had verbal gifts not granted to the others, and he wasn't in the least like them. He was a histrionic genius—which is not what we usually think of as characteristically English. In fact, there is a strain of showing off—often subdued, which Dickens's wasn't—in a good many English artists. It may not be a fluke, though foreigners can't understand it, that England produces the best actors in the world.

Anyway, a great literature needs one Dickens. The nineteenth century now seems the high flower of English writing. Poets—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Hardy, Matthew Arnold (included as a favorite of my own). Pundits—Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin. By the turn of the century, writers who strayed out of the aesthetic fences but were finer artists than those who tried harder to keep inside—Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton.

This efflorescence lasted until the First World War. That was the last period, in the West, that was dominated by the printed word. The reading public was relatively small, but nearly all these writers affected a large slice of it. From the 1920s onward, fortunate writers could obtain a bigger audience, but there was no such compact constituency to speak to. This has had complex results. It has driven much of our aesthetic literature inwards upon itself. It has raised entertainment literature (e.g., detective stories, TV scripts) to new heights of excellence. What posterity will think of these phenomena is anyone's guess. There will be something to admire, but posterity has opinions of its own, so far as we can judge from literary history.

Whatever happens, English literature has left enough on the record, so long as people can read the printed word at all. The English have always tended to congratulate themselves on achievements in which no one else is likely to be interested. This one—I don't think I'm being chauvinistic—will be safe in front of the Courts of Eternity. ◉

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The Humorists: In Jest or in Jail?

A renaissance in satire has had Britain rolling in the Isles, but libel is no laugh

by Patrick Campbell

With any luck, if we hurry, we shall have time to pay tribute to the new style in British humor before, at the early age of twenty-odd, it is hung, drawn, quartered, burnt to ashes, and finally buried by the British laws of libel, implacable powers that have been stamping fiercely on satire wherever it's popped up in recent years.

It is more than probable that the young men who revived satire in the early Sixties could never have seen themselves getting tangled up in something as serious, and as agonizingly boring, as a libel action conducted in a fusty courtroom by ponderous old men.

When it all began—at Cambridge University, with the Cambridge Footlights Revue—they were really only making one another laugh by sticking pins into venerable pachyderms like the royal family, the army, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other institutions that hadn't been disturbed in years. They were as surprised as they were delighted when the Footlights Revue was transferred to a fashionable theater in the fashionable West End of London and the roars of laughter came back from the fashionable orchestra stalls—from the very kind of people they were sending up.

Almost overnight these undergraduates became polished, professional performers, coolly turning Britain inside out and upside down.

The movement—although anyone referring to it as a "movement" would have been chewed to shreds in a matter of minutes—caught fire.

A nightclub came into being in Soho. With due deference, it was called the Establishment. A magazine called *Private Eye* arrived. And a whole gang of audacious young people worked for both of them: Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, John Wells, David Frost, John Fortune, Alan Bennett, all pressing on regardless—in the crusted old phrase—but regardless now of all sentiment, religious faith, loyalty, kindliness, and the other similar ingredients that, at least on the surface, played such a large part in the British way of life.

In the Establishment a tastefully short sketch presented John Fortune standing on a large orange box in a position of crucifixion, with a couple of shabbier persons on smaller boxes on either side of him in a similar predicament, but in

Drew Mara

A horseless King Arthur hotfoots it across England in Monty Python film—"The late evening of British satire's life."

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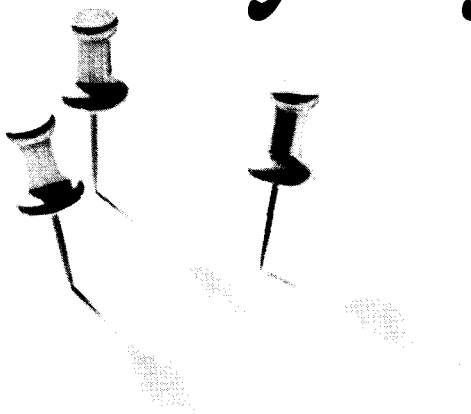
A code of ethics isn't something you post on the bulletin board.

It's something you live every day.



Suddenly everybody seems to be rediscovering ethics.

In the business community, in Congress, on the campus and in the pulpit.

We think the trend is healthy. And needed. So we'd like to disclose a discovery of our own on this subject.

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(We have a brief booklet on corporate citizenship which we believe covers this subject. If you'd like one, just write our Director of Corporate Communications.)

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disgruntled mood.

In this more sensitive day and age it will suffice to give a mere hint of the dialogue:

"What's so great, then, about you, stuck up there above us?"

"Why are you gettin' all this sponge and vinegar and stuff?"

It was, roughly, that kind of thing, interrupted one evening by a gentlemanly-looking person in an expensive suit with the outraged cry, "I say there, you chaps—steady on!" The audience, probably equally frightened, got a good laugh out of him, too.

Rather too soon the Establishment went out of business, probably helped into an early grave by the late Lenny Bruce, with his rather different sense of humor. But from its ashes sprang *Beyond the Fringe*, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Jonathan Miller, and Alan Bennett. They created something so new and so funny that, after a long run in London, this

NBC

That Was the Week That Was *roasted President Johnson.*

entirely English show met an ovation on its arrival in New York.

At the same time, the magazine *Private Eye* began to feel its muscles. From time to time, among other effronteries, it referred to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as Brenda and Norman and to Princess Margaret as Yvonne, casting a chilly suburban shadow on the glitter of the throne. The editors also launched "Mrs. Wilson's Diary," an intimate and inventive account of family life at No. 10 Downing Street.

In this troubled home, Harold Wilson, the prime minister, was credited with a thirst for a tonic wine called Wincarnis. So great was his affection for it that homicidal outbursts of temper became commonplace, often terminating in physical assault upon his aides. Throughout all this vulgar brawling, *Private Eye*'s Mrs. Wilson remained a perfect lady, or, more accurately, a cozy little housewife, ever ready with prefabricated snacks on the level of Tocky Chicky Bikis and similar tidbits from the contemporary supermarket style.

A taste of Mrs. Wilson's poetry—she had just published a successful book of unusually straight poems—headed each "Diary," with a version of her work glutinous enough to bring tears to the eyes of a birthday-card vendor.

Private Eye also set out on the trail of the many financiers who were making millions with surprising ease out of the current property boom, rooting away like a terrier at the backstage aspects of their accountancy, naming names and probable crimes with such abandon that formal apologies often appeared in the next issue, preparatory to the renewal of the attack. A lot of this well-informed material was provided by writers employed by the national newspapers who had come upon stuff so juicy and so very probably true that their own editors would want to hear about it only in the strictest confidence, and then not too much more about it for policy reasons—such as successful actions for libel.

Even *Punch* magazine, having been for what feels like centuries the humorous but impeccably proper entertainer of British clubmen and other upper-class elements, found a place on the satirical bandwagon, round about the middle.

Alan Coren, one of their stars, taking over where "Mrs. Wilson's Diary" left off, turned himself into Big Daddy Amin, with a weekly letter in de way of de speakin of de peoples of Uganda, a comparatively simple task in that all Big Daddy's public announcements sound like loving parodies of himself.

COINCIDENTALLY with events, Amin was replaced by President Carter's mother. Under the title "Miz Lillian Writes," the column had various signatures like "Yaw lovin Couzin." The weekly letter maintained this vernacular throughout, becoming almost unreadable in passages like "So heah ah em, a-sawin an a-hammerin an a-whiyite-washin ain't got but a minute tuh drop y'awl a line." This was nonetheless cheeky stuff for *Punch*.

Curiously enough, it was television that made satire a more compelling entertainment in Britain on Saturdays than dog racing, football, or darts. From the moment the program began, the whole country was glued to *That Was the Week That Was*, created largely by John Bird and put out by—of all staid institutions—the BBC. John Fortune, who also had a hand in it, believes they got away with it because they were all so young. "It was just," he has said, "schoolboys being rude; and that is a lot easier to accept than grown-ups being rude."

TW3, as it came to be called, turned out to be far more infuriating, and entertaining, than mere schoolboy rudeness. It lambasted targets as intimidating as General de Gaulle, Field Marshal Montgomery, and every member of the British cabinet of whom anyone might have heard. Everyone in Britain who believed himself to be distinguished in some way switched on *TW3*, preferably in privacy, wondering if it was his turn, tonight, for disembowelment.

TW3 was followed by a satire with an even longer title, created by Ned Sherrin and called *Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life*. This time we began with a satirical song, the title of the show being its first line. For some time Cleo Laine adroitly handled this complex material, being later replaced by lovely Lynda Barron, who com-

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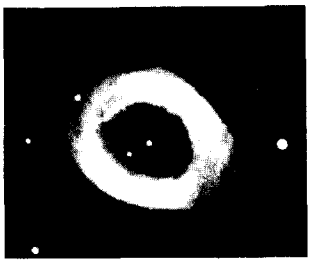
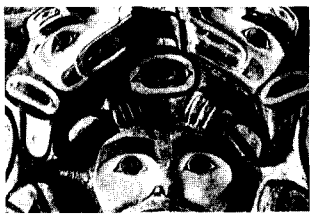
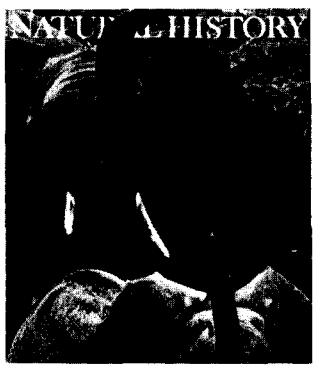
The Curious Magazine.







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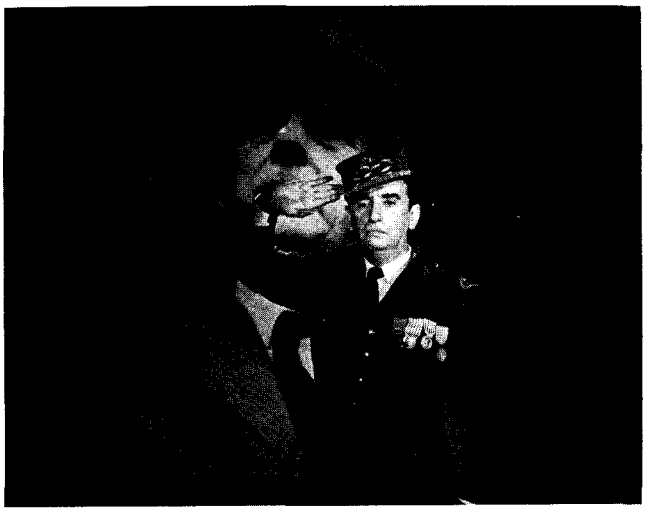
plained pretty quickly, "I can't do it, Mr. Sherrin—I don't know what it's all about." "Just sing it, dear," said the unflappable producer, with greater problems on his hands. In addition to John Bird and his sending-up squad, he was presenting discussions, under the guidance of David Frost, between politicians and other celebrities who couldn't stand the sight of one another to begin with, and who satirized themselves in passionate argument. Acidulous Malcolm Muggeridge took on lovely, if elderly, Barbara Cartland, wrapped in silver fox and authoress of a thousand romantic novels, and gave up, round about the halfway mark, burying his face in his hands.

After a good run, satire on television began to lose steam, on the generally accepted grounds that there was nothing left to satirize in confused and reeling Britain. But there was something new waiting in the wings—like the airy,



NBC

De Gaulle was a prime subject for irreverent TV humor.

inconsequential madness of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, the *Goodies*, and similar dotty fare.

In *Monty Python*, very tall, austere John Cleese, dressed apparently as Sir Lancelot, wades into the sea in his armored boots in some quiet English cove, stirs the sea with his sword, finds that nothing happens, and strolls aimlessly away, disappointed in something we shall never understand.

Whilst the new, gentler, and purely lunatic form of entertainment was catching on, the now battered but indomitable magazine *Private Eye* was still lashing out in every direction, despite being entangled—at the time of writing—in no less than 49 libel actions launched against it by Sir James Goldsmith, an international financier who got his "Sir" from Harold Wilson, who is now a "Sir" himself.

Nowadays, if you're only as rude as a schoolboy in print, a writ is likely to arrive by return post. In the case of *Jenkins and the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs* [ASTMS] v. *Foot*, it became clear that absolutely anyone may sue anyone else for libel in the late evening of British satire's life.

In 1975 Paul Foot—then editor of the *Socialist Worker* and still nephew of Michael Foot, Labour leader of the House of Commons—noting an offer of a cheap Spanish holiday for Clive Jenkins and his union, ASTMS, wrote a piece in his own paper about the coming pleasures of the outing. Mr. Jenkins and the whole of his union promptly sued for libel.

It took the case only two years to come to court. As is usual in libel actions, the jury found itself out of its depth in no time at all. The judge, Mr. Justice Melford Stevenson, came to its aid. He explained that Mr. Jenkins and his union held that the offending article meant that Mr. Jenkins and the ASTMS were fascist in outlook, condoned political oppression, and were prepared to take a ghoulish pleasure in guided tours round General Franco's jails, getting ringside seats at the garroting of socialist militants, despite the fact that Mr. Jenkins had been against this kind of thing for years.

The jury withdrew for deliberation, to come back a couple of hours later not with a verdict but with a request for further legal guidance. It wanted to know, exactly, what satire was.

The judge, knee deep in libel actions during recent years, almost ate his wig. "Satire," he snapped, "is the employment of sarcasm, irony, or ridicule to expose or deride evils of any kind."

Four hours later the jury decided that Paul Foot hadn't done satire properly, and the judge was compelled to hand him and the *Socialist Worker* a fairly heavy fine. Foot summed up the whole case in a few words. "It is," he said, "a sad day for satirical journalism"—and sad, indeed, it was. That satire, once the shiny plaything of bold young men from Cambridge University, should become a subject for conflict between quarrelsome trades unionists was a recession gloomy in the extreme. But there is still a twitch or two in it.

Some time ago Bernard Manning, a very fat stand-up comic from the North of England, appeared on Michael Parkinson's nearly congealed TV chat show. Manning, looking his best in a pink shirt, a large bow tie, and a bulging blue silk suit, ran through some of his currently popular racial jokes, his foxy little eyes beaming with genial malice. Suddenly, he became serious, leaning forward with patent honesty. One could feel the relief in 8 million hearts.

"Y'know," he said, "the time has really come when we should all get together. Make an end of all these strikes and industrial disputes and political argy-bargy. Be good neighbors. The rich and the poor, the Jews and the Irish, all getting together to give one another a helping hand."

He allowed a moment or two for this inspiring message to sink in. "Then," he said intensely, "we could all have a proper go at the Pakistanis."

It is lucky for Mr. Justice Melford Stevenson that no jury, as yet, has had to decide what evil Bernard Manning was deriding or whether he was just being plain sarcastic, and all that sort of thing. ◉

Patrick Campbell, a third baron, writes for The Sunday Times *as well as for the screen and for television. He is the author of 15 books, counts golf and pleasure as his recreations, and lives on the Riviera.*

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Some Englishmen of Note

As any record catalog will show, the English have been producing more serious, well-known music—and it is better music—in the twentieth century than they did in any other century since the death of the great Henry Purcell, in 1695. This transformation of English composition from domestic obscurity to worldwide recognition is due in great part to individual enterprise and to the vital promotional efforts of such state-supported ventures as the BBC. But chance has played an important part.

Without some share of accident, the English music of today might not have been enriched by the English music of yesterday—by the vital contributions of such men as Arthur Sullivan, Edward Elgar, Frederick Delius, Sir Thomas Beecham, Ernest Newman, Benjamin Britten, and George Grove.

Sullivan, to begin with, was a properly bred product of the Leipzig Conservatory, on the way to genteel fame—thanks to his "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Lost Chord"—when he was introduced to W. S. Gilbert, then best known for his *Bab Ballads*. The outcome was far from an instant success. Following the brief *Thespis*, each went his own way. A few years later they were brought together again for *Trial by Jury*. Then came the memorable night of May 25, 1878, and the first of 700 consecutive performances in London of *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

Lightly and lyrically, under all the superficial froth, *Pinafore* was a timely reminder that the true art of any country must be a reflection of its own identity. Sullivan's compositional contemporaries, who shared the esteem Victoria and Albert held for Felix Mendelssohn as a musical model, could hardly take seriously what *Pinafore* delivered with such diverting insight.

But a younger member of the next generation of English composers did. The productive accident in Edward Elgar's life was that, unlike Sullivan and so many other English musicians, he did *not* go to Leipzig to study. Such an indulgence was beyond his father's resources. Instead, Elgar learned to play the organ as well as the violin, lent a helping hand in the family's music shop in Worcester, and learned the craft of an English composer in English surroundings. Along with a fondness for puns, nicknames, and cryptograms, he developed an affection for his neighbors in Malvern that led to his creation of the marvelous set of musical portraits titled *Variations on an Original Theme*. Popularly known as the *Enigma Variations*, the work achieved a success (in 1899) that gave English music its first orchestral masterpiece.

Frederick Delius, roughly a contemporary of Elgar, had every opportunity to follow his father into a prosperous export business. By a fortunate accident for English music, he insisted on following his own impulse, first going to Florida to grow oranges, and visiting Jacksonville to study music with a friendly organist. Eventually Delius settled in France and wrote the brief orchestral pieces, reminiscent of the English landscape, that prepared the way for popular appreciation of his operas and choral works.

Delius found the predestined interpreter of his subtly sensitive creations in the subtly sensitive mind of Thomas Beecham. As a youth—living in the baronial splendor made possible by his family's marketing of a universally accepted digestive pill—Beecham was first drawn to a career as a pianist. "By an odd chance," he has written, "it was the frustration of . . . cherished plans" to follow his Oxford education with studies abroad that led him to conducting.

An uncivil critic referred to one of the several orchestras founded by young Beecham as the "Pillharmonic." But Beecham persisted, with the aid of the family fortune, to spend more money on opera seasons, concert tours, and other activities to the social good of English music than he ever could have invested in a career as a pianist.

The wheel of fortune that made a composer of Delius and a conductor of Beecham also contributed much to the practice of musical criticism. A native of Liverpool named William Roberts had prepared himself for a career in the Indian Civil Service but fell out of favor.

He decided on a fresh beginning as an earnest new man in musical criticism. Save for the termination of his first career, he might never have written the best books on opera in English, the four-volume biography of Richard Wagner, or the weekly commentary that appeared for years in *The Sunday Times*, all under the name of Ernest Newman.

If anything underscored these instances of destiny taking precedence over the best intentions, it was Benjamin Britten's discovery of his affinity for East Anglia, England. While living in Los Angeles during the early 1940s, he happened upon an article by E. M. Forster extolling the poetry of George Crabbe. The piece reawakened Britten's interest in the surroundings of his youth, stimulated his determination to write an opera on Peter Grimes, and brought about his decision to go back home and share the fate of his countrymen.

Finally, millions of English-speaking music lovers have learned much of what they know about music from George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*; it, too, was the product of a second career. As a civil engineer, Grove worked in Scotland, Bermuda, and Jamaica.

In 1867, already launched on a career as a program annotator for the famous concerts in the Crystal Palace conducted by August Manns, Grove went to Vienna on the track of unpublished works of Franz Schubert. After a week's effort, Grove had only some minor successes and a major failure—he had been unable to find missing sections of the celebrated *Rosamunde* music. Convinced that just one more look might make the difference, Grove went back, received permission to personally enter a closet, and found the treasure.

The result was universally acclaimed as Grove's "accidental" discovery. Like most "accidents," however, Grove's discovery was a combination of luck and determination. Without unremitting effort there would have been nothing for Grove and his young associate Arthur Sullivan to celebrate at 2:00 A.M. with a spirited game of leapfrog. —IRVING KOLODIN

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IBM Reports

Information: there's growing agreement

Human history has long been described in terms of Ages whose names reflect the stages of development through which mankind has passed: the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and so on—down to the Industrial Age, which established the foundations of our modern society.

Today, there is growing agreement that we have entered a new era, a post-industrial stage of development in which the ability to put information to use has become critical, not only to the essential production of goods, but to efforts to provide a better life for the individual, as well.

This new era is being referred to with increasing frequency as the Information Age.

Information in the Information Age

Changes in our perception of information itself—its nature as well as its scope—have accompanied this profound shift of emphasis in our society.

Much has been written about the so-called "information explosion." It has been pointed out, for example, that the number of technical journals published throughout the world today exceeds 100,000, and that the total body of technical information is now doubling every ten years.

At the same time as the volume of information has been increasing dramatically, our understanding of the meaning of the term information itself has also broadened—to encompass a wide variety of timely data relating to "how things really are" across the whole spectrum of human activity.

A heartbeat, for example, can be extremely meaningful information when recorded and analyzed on sophisticated electrocardiogram equipment. So can electrical impulses reflecting the load level in a power network, or numeric digits representing the availability of a seat for you on an airplane—when processed by a modern computer.

These and a wide range of similar types of data are clearly recognized today as information, the kind of information on which we increasingly de-

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that it's the name of the age we live in.

pend for the growth and health of our economy, the smooth functioning of our institutions—and, even more important, for the quality of our individual lives.

Information—an inexhaustible resource

Information is one of the few resources not in danger of exhaustion on this shrinking planet. It is unique because the supply is limitless, because it actually becomes more valuable with use and because—when properly managed and applied—it can greatly enhance our use of all our other resources, natural, human and economic.

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Fleet Street and the Free Press

Churchill, Graham Greene, and Kipling are alumni of a British press once thought as inexportable as steak-and-kidney pudding

by Louis Heren

In the days when half of the globe was colored red and the sun never set on the British Empire, it used to be said that trade followed the flag. The Union Jack generally followed the trader, and the newspaperman was not far behind.

The Hartford Courant was founded in 1764, when Connecticut was still a colony, and the first issue of *The Statesman* was published in Calcutta more than a century ago. Similarly, in Canada, Australia, the West Indies, Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia, English-language newspapers were established wherever the tide of empire reached.

Most of them are still flourishing long after the imperial tide has ebbed into the history books. The Commonwealth Press Union has some 600 member newspapers in more than 30 erstwhile colonies.

Very few of these newspapers are now British-owned, but most remain unmistakably British in origin. It is not surprising. Fleet Street never had a Greeley to say, "Go west, young man," but papers as far afield as Kuala Lumpur, Nairobi, and Sydney have always attracted adventurous or discontented British journalists. They still do.

Fleet Street, or Grub Street as it was once known, can therefore claim to have played a leading role in establishing a free press round the world. These former colonial newspapers have on the whole survived better than the Westminster form of government, which was supposed to have been Britain's proudest gift to its former subject peoples.

South Africa has quit the Commonwealth and is the pariah member of the United Nations, but a free and lively press still thrives there. *The Rand Daily Mail* fights apartheid more vigorously than most papers in the American South fought racial prejudice.

The record is all the more extraordinary because Fleet Street's products are peculiarly British, and, one would have thought, as inexportable as steak-and-kidney pudding.

For instance, there were no schools of journalism until a postgraduate course was introduced at the University of Wales a few years ago. Aspiring journalists learned their trade on local papers or drifted into Fleet Street untrained. Winston Churchill, Graham Greene, and Evelyn Waugh are but three examples, and Rudyard Kipling wrote his first plain tales from the hills when working as a reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore on the subcontinent.

Others, including myself, started as copyboys. Without any training whatsoever, I became, in turn, general reporter, industrial correspondent, war correspondent, foreign correspondent, foreign editor, and deputy editor. I was never told what to do, and, in accordance with the traditions of *The Times*, my copy was never rewritten.

This haphazard recruitment worked, and it shaped the character of the British press. The men trained in the provinces ensured that papers got out every night, and the untrained—among them fellows of All Souls, Oxford, as well as bright layabouts—provided style, imagination, learning, or good writing. They were quickly fired if they did not.

A second peculiarity is that Britain is the only industrial democracy to have a truly national press. I can think of no other comparable country where the same newspapers are read from coast to coast. From Lands End to John o' Groat's, readers have the choice of nine dailies.

The nine dailies are also national in content. No local news is printed unless it is of national interest. There are no suburban supplements. If the reader wants to know what the local municipal council is up to, or what is showing at the local cinema, he has to buy one of the regional papers such as the *Yorkshire Post*, or a local weekly such as the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*.

The choice of nationals on every newsstand nurtures a fierce competition the like of which is only a distant memory for American newspapermen. They vary from the serious papers ("the heavies," or the quality press), through the tabloids or populars, to the Communist *Morning Star*.

The variety does not eliminate competition because the overlap is considerable. *The Times*, Britain's oldest and best-known paper, is in competition with *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Guardian*, and the *Financial Times*, but each has a distinctive quality.

Politically, the *Telegraph* is on the right and is locked in combat with creeping socialism. *The Guardian* is on the moralistic left and appeals to Nonconformist schoolteachers while defending the rights of unmarried mothers. The *Financial Times* produces very good arts pages and prints on pink paper to soften its Midas approach to the news. *The Times*, once the establishment newspaper and house journal for the empire, has taken the lead in finding a new role for Britain. It has cast off its anonymity and delights in intellectual debate on its op-ed page and in its famous correspondence columns.

All four papers provide solid news services, with, by normal American standards, extra emphasis on foreign news. This is of course a legacy from imperial days, when Britain was a world capital, but it helps to explain why the quality press has not become provincial.

All four are highly opinionated and their interests are boundless. They are serious without being earnest, and they are generally well written.

One American critic said that Britain produces some of the best newspapers in the world—and some of the worst. He was looking down his nose at the populars: the *Daily Mirror*, *The Sun*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Daily Mail*.

They are certainly brash and can be vulgar, wonderfully vulgar. They cock snooks at authority and can give more

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Washington correspondent for The Times *of London for ten years, Louis Heren is deputy editor and foreign editor of* The Times. *He is the author of many books, the newest titled* Growing Up Poor on The Times.

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space to sex than politics. They entertain, but they also report the basic news and are often good at investigative reporting. Life would be less amusing without them.

They are also read by millions who otherwise would not read anything. The statistics prove it. More newspapers are sold per capita in Britain than in the United States because the populars have created a readership relatively undeveloped in America. This, I would suggest, should be applauded.

Moreover, the *Mirror*, the pioneer in British popular journalism, did not reach its circulation of about 4 million copies a day by cheesecake alone. It has established an unrivaled and socially valuable relationship with working-class readers. There is no talking down. The editors seem instinctively to know what their readers want out of life.

Their achievement is all the more remarkable because the paper gained its ascendancy under the direction of Cecil King, a product of Winchester and of Christ Church, Oxford. Its circulation lead is now threatened by *The Sun*, whose proprietor, Rupert Murdoch, is not known as the dirty digger for nothing, but Labour politicians cannot afford to miss reading the *Mirror*.

Whatever the moral judgment, the popular as well as the quality British newspapers have influenced the press wherever the Union Jack once waved. The exception is Canada, where the American influence was too powerful.

Canada has, however, influenced Fleet Street. Lord Beaverbrook came from his manse in Nova Scotia to make the *Daily Express* one of Britain's brightest populars for a couple of decades. Lord Thomson celebrated his sixtieth birthday by leaving Toronto to buy *The Scotsman* first and then *The Sunday Times* and *The Times*. He introduced North American features such as the weekly color magazine and the business news section.

"They are certainly brash and wonderfully vulgar. They cock snooks at authority and can give more space to sex than politics."

Australia has also influenced Fleet Street. At one time any young Australian journalist seeking fame if not fortune in London had only to mention that he was just off the boat to be hired immediately. Rupert Murdoch startled even the British populars by exposing bosoms in *The Sun* before establishing his beachhead in Manhattan.

This kind of two-way traffic, or cross-fertilization, has not been much in evidence between Britain and its first colonial empire. American journalists tend to regard British papers as frivolous. Their British opposite numbers claim to be bored by American earnestness, but American influence has nevertheless strengthened Fleet Street.

Britain does not have a First Amendment. *The Times*, which was first published in 1785 and reported the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, fought the good fight against the stamp duty, but without constitutional protection. The British press is free, apart from the laws of libel and contempt, largely because of its own efforts, but the First Amendment was a beacon for all British newspapermen. ◉

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Fleet Street front pages—"British papers have influenced the press wherever the Union Jack once waved."

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How Britain Lays Down the Law

by Lord Hailsham

Burt Glinn

Barristers at the courts—"Much of the pomp of . . . George III can still be seen in Westminster."

WHEN American and English lawyers get together, the love feast that follows generally takes the form of celebrating common traditions and explaining to each other exactly why these traditions are both immediately relevant to the needs of the twentieth century and vastly superior to the arrangements made by the rest of civilized mankind.

Americans, however, are apt to celebrate the English system as their parent and to give it that respect which offspring conventionally give. This exaggerated respect leads them to adopt a false view of the two systems. Both systems are, of course, derived from the developed English model of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They are, as it were, both branches from the trunk of the same tree, but we in Britain have gone further and faster from our common ancestor than have our American colleagues. Indeed, in many ways the American legal system resembles to the eye of a contemporary English lawyer nothing so much as a gigantic historical museum of olde Englishe practices that, rightly or wrongly in the 200 years since independence, we have cast aside or forgotten.

Superficially, of course, this is not so. Elizabeth II still reigns by the grace of God on the throne of her ancestors. Her judges wear wigs and red and ermine and are entitled to be addressed as My Lord. Barristers appear wigged and robed before them and belong to a profession different from that of attorney. A hereditary House of Lords still nominally, and with greatly reduced powers actually, forms the second chamber of our legislature. Much of the pomp and circumstance attending the government of George III can still be seen in and about Westminster—the Household cavalry in breastplates and plumes, the footguards in scarlet—while the Beefeaters still guard the Tower and the crown jewels.

But beneath the surface, it is America that is the more conservative of the two. Where else can you see a judge of equity (a judge of equity is one who renders fair decisions in the absence of specific statutes) still operating rules and remedies separate from those of the common law? Not in England, where such courts have been abolished for over a century. Where in England is the jury trying civil cases, except for libel, or the grand jury presenting indictments? In England both institutions are effectively defunct. The common jury still tries serious crime, but 98 percent of criminal offenses are tried without a jury by a bench of magistrates usually innocent of legal qualifications.

When we come to look at the more solid institutions like Parliament, we cannot but notice that the doctrine of the separation of powers, which is at the bottom of the American Constitution, was firmly established in Britain after the abdication and flight of James II. Montesquieu, in proclaiming it, thought that he was celebrating the true orthodoxy of British constitutional doctrine, and in establishing it in their Constitution the American Founding Fathers believed that they were restoring primitive doctrine in a form in which it would be free from recent abuses.

Far from being an abuse, however, the system of cabinet government firmly established by the reign of George III was in fact the true growing point of the British Constitution and has formed the model for all the later branches of the com-

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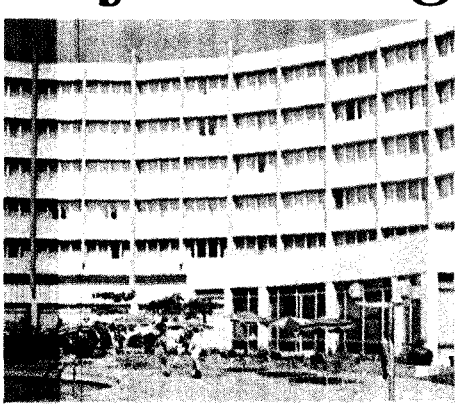

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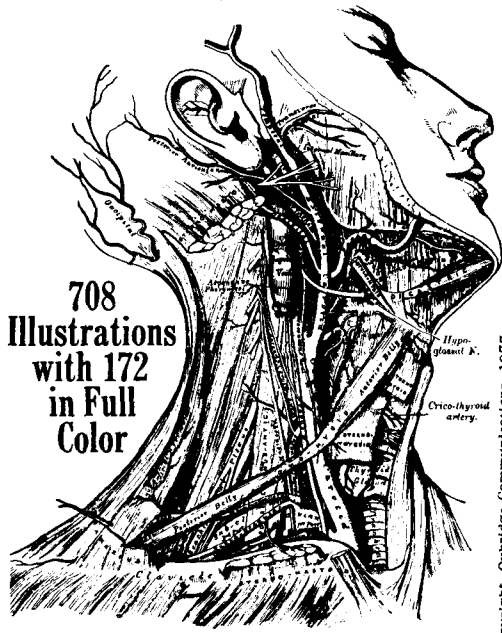

Fig. 283—Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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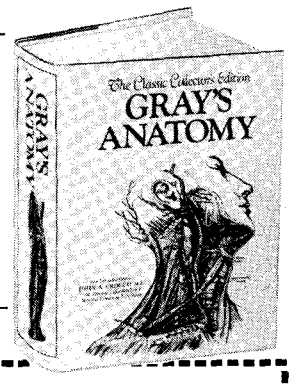

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mon stock. This system to a large extent ignores the separation of executive and legislative branches of government, which in the developed British system are substantially fused, by insisting that all members of cabinet should be members of Parliament and that they should all reflect the political color of the majority party in the House of Commons.

Thus the United States, with its separate executive and legislative organs, in particular Congress, with its sophisticated system of committees limiting the executive branch and initiating legislative proposals (in Britain almost the monopoly of government), is much like the seventeenth-century Parliaments. America's government was designed to imitate the seventeenth-century Parliament rather than the modern British Parliament. Our present Parliament, dominated by the two front benches, passes government legislation by the ream under the shadow of the guillotine and in an atmosphere in which all members of the Commons are threatened with premature demise through the prerogative of dissolution. With the President as the head of state, broadly exercising the prerogatives of William III, and the Prime Minister nominally the servant of Her Majesty but in fact only the leader of the majority party in the Commons, it would be much truer to describe the American Constitution as a monarchy with an elected monarch and the British Constitution as a republic with a hereditary president than to adopt in either case the more conventional label.

In one respect the British Constitution has remained more conservative than the American. Ever since the original Declaration of Independence, and particularly since the group of amendments to the Constitution known as the Bill of Rights, American lawyers have been fairly articulate in support of what are now commonly called "civil rights." The whole conception of a separate package of laws pertaining to civil rights is foreign to English law as we know it, and, until recently at least, English lawyers have been almost unanimous in rejecting such an idea. Magna Carta secures trial by jury and due process of law. Our Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement simply secure an independent judiciary. Habeas corpus precludes arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. But apart from these exceptions, although we recognize basic rights broadly identical with those recognized in the United States, we have hitherto balked at declaring them. We withhold from our judges the power of striking down acts of Parliament that contravene these rights. In the United States, Chief Justice John Marshall and his successors have successfully established the veto power of the American judiciary and particularly of the Supreme Court over acts of Congress and of state legislatures. The theory on which this is based was, like other American doctrines, derived from an earlier and abandoned theory of English lawyers about the relationship of Parliament and the courts. The modern British view is that declarations of rights (such as civil rights) are more appropriate to an undeveloped than a developed legal system and that the powers of Parliament are more effectively and desirably policed by a vigilant public opinion and organized opposition parties than by a political judiciary.

All this has shown signs of changing. Our adhesion to the Universal Declaration, the European Convention on Human Rights, and the Common Market (and the increasing irksomeness and remoteness of Parliament) have led to demands for a new British "Bill of Rights" to restrict Parliamentary arbitrariness and party domination and even (*horresco referens*) for a written constitution after the American model. These demands have even extended to requests for European standards in the judicial interpretation of statutes and judicial review of administrative decisions. So far, however, this has been a purely political agitation. It has been firmly rejected by the two main parties and, apart from a few judicial decisions and a series of provocative lectures, has had no positive reflection in legal theory or practice.

What then remains of the special relationship between the British and American legal systems in the jubilee year of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the inaugural year of Mr. President James Carter? Well, of course, there is a common tradition, deriving from the two shrines of English law at Runnymede and Westminster Hall, to which both American and English lawyers from time to time make their ceremonial pilgrimage. But this tradition involves a living reality as well as a historic symbolism. The two systems do not merely coexist. They continue to influence one another. It is not only the people of Britain and the United States who speak a common language. It is their lawyers, and this means that cases in either country and in other countries as widely apart as Canada, Australia, and the Republic of Ireland are reciprocally cited and mutually influential. I well remember, in a case emanating from New South Wales, citing at the Bar of the Privy Council precedents from Canberra, Washington, Dublin, and Westminster, as well as textbooks dating from the time when Norman French had only just ceased to be the official language of the English legal profession.

But it is not simply a question of mutual influence. The adversary system of advocacy, the recruitment of judges from successful members of the practicing profession, the basic concepts of criminal and commercial law (happily, America never adopted our land law), the developing law of tort, and the jury trial of criminal cases are all living embodiments of the common tradition that still sets us apart from continental models derived from the Napoleonic Code and, ultimately, the Pandects of Justinian.

More than anything else, perhaps, it is the uncodified state of American and English law that divides us from these systems. There are advantages and disadvantages in this. But what is quite clear is that so long as a system is not codified (that is, covered by statutes), it has the capacity to evolve without the restrictive shackles of past precedent ossified into immutable doctrine. This living tradition of common doctrine is not confined to part of a little island (for Scotland follows a line of its own) moored off the northwest coast of Europe. It is practiced all over the globe against different social backgrounds and differing geographic environments. It may be that the continued evolution of the Anglo-American legal tradition is still one of the most potent sources of strength for democratic living in the free world. ◉

Lord Hailsham of St. Marylebone, former lord high chancellor of Great Britain, has been leader of the House of Lords, first lord of the Admiralty, and minister of education.

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But Can You Eat the Food?

It's all been a big mistake. British gastronomy lives! And would you pass the tiddy ogies?

by Marika Hanbury Tenison

UNTIL recently, a visitor to Britain might have been excused for leaving with the impression that we are a country with no definable cuisine. In London and other major cities, restaurants are plentiful, but instead of offering buttered mussels, boiled marrowbones, salmon with a sorrel sauce, pigeon pye, and Sussex Pond pudding, their menus feature foods from every country except our own.

So, if there is a traditional British cuisine, where is it to be found, and why is it hidden so discreetly? Certainly we have a rich and varied tradition of cooking, leavened with ideas, recipes, and spices from a once far-flung empire, and with dishes often being handed down from generation to generation over the centuries. Our climate, farming prowess, rivers, fishing fleet, and kitchen gardens provide us with raw ingredients that are unrivaled for quality; our tastes are remarkably varied, and each region of the country still retains its favorite dishes.

Why, then, do we keep these gifts so carefully hidden, keeping our kitchen delights under a bushel and encouraging the growth of almost every variety of restaurant food except our own? One answer lies in the proverbial reticence of the British, who prefer not to shout out their culinary achievements from the rooftops but to keep themselves to themselves and their home cooking to their own homes. They are too shy to offer the visitor tiddy ogies, cullen skink, cock-a-leekie, stoved howtowdie, kail brose, rumbledethumps, whim wham, figet pie, and sweet cured pig's chaps, or to explain the secrets of Arbroath smokies and York hams.

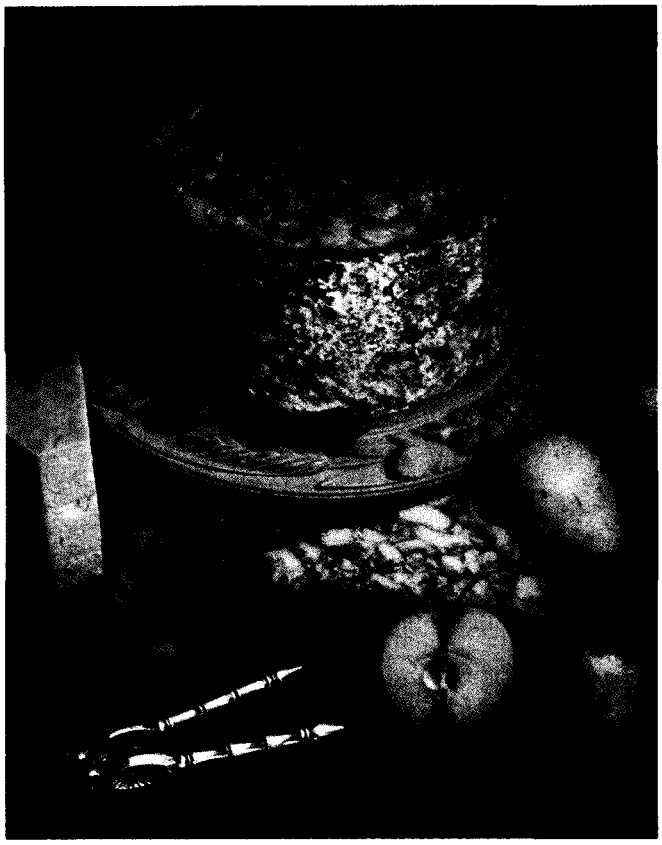
Then there is the rather snobbish attitude toward food in this country that leads us to prefer the more lavish cuisine of the French when we eat out and to give a touch of the Cordon Bleus to the food we serve when we entertain. Even the Queen, who has had the same Yorkshire chef for over 40 years, tends to have her banquet menus written *à la française* and her meals produced in a fashion remarkably similar to Queen Victoria's day—clear broth, salmon, roast lamb, three vegetables, salad, and an exotic ice cream, all heavily disguised to read like a menu from Versailles in its heyday.

Thirdly, there is our attitude toward restaurants. An Englishman tends to feel that being a restaurateur is not his form; it is a job to be left to the French and Italians. To be a chef to someone like the Queen is, of course, perfectly acceptable, but to run a restaurant smacks just a little too much of the dilettante or pansy: it is a woman's work to cook, the kitchen is her scene, and we have no background of family enterprises as do the French, Italians, Indians, and Chinese. If an Englishman goes out for a meal with his family, he likes to get his money's worth with a little foreign nosh bringing back memories of a holiday on the Continent and not be served with the straightforward British food he is given at home.

And what, in fact, is British food? A complex question because, like other life-style patterns, our eating habits have changed considerably over the centuries. Many of our traditional dishes have been handed down from the days of the first Queen Elizabeth, when the use of herbs and spices was definitely on the lavish side and when pies of all shapes and sizes, savory and sweet, made their first appearance.

Under the Puritans, harsh simplicity became the order of the day: no drinking and no use of spices in the kitchen, so that the progress of British cuisine stood still. It wasn't until Charles II, hotfoot from Spain, was restored to the throne that the table took a turn for the better again.

The first steak-and-kidney pudding made its debut at the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, in London, and consisted of slices of steak, oysters, mushrooms, rich gravy, and "wondrous



British Tourist Authority

Stilton cheese—"Quickly emerged as the aristocrat of British cheeses, but others were popular, with the colorful red Gloucester and the yellow Cheshire, Cheddar, and Caerphilly all making their mark."

Marika Hanbury Tenison, who lives in Cornwall, is cookery editor—as they call it—of the Sunday Telegraph, *writes for American and British magazines, is the author of* The Best of British Cooking, *published last year.*

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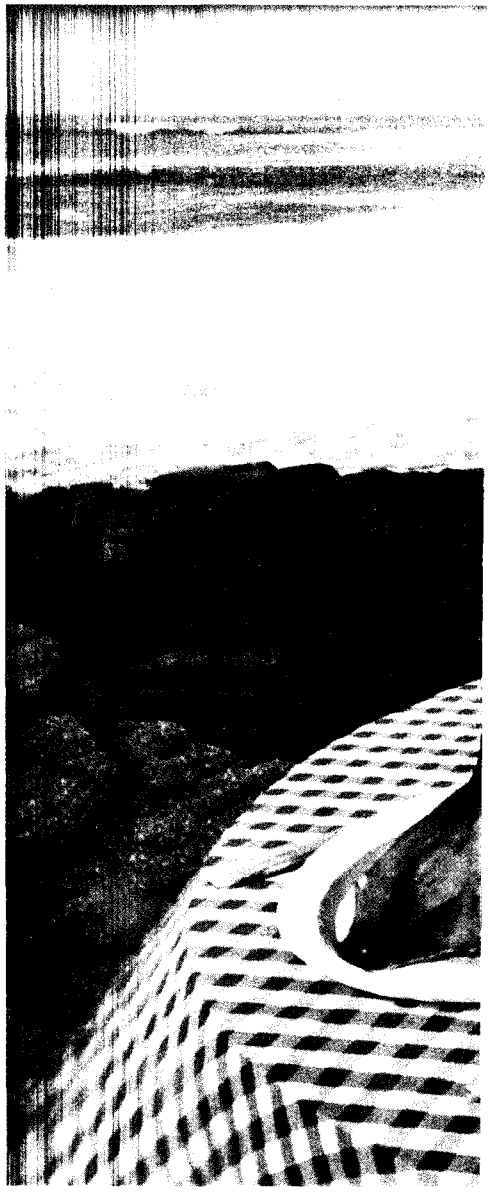

Dan Wynn

John Bull's bully fare—Crab soup (upper left) was made in Sussex, but also nurtures the soul in Cornwall and in Scotland (where it is called partan bree). Seaside table is set for a kipper tea in Northumberland within view of Lindisfarne, or the Holy Island, reached by causeway when the tide is out. At right, a splendid meat pie, sheltering veal, pork, blackcock, pheasant, and other game birds within its flaky crust. Available at select London hotels and some restaurants. Ye Famous Pie is a Cheshire Cheese specialty.

spices." The pudding was boiled for no less than 16 hours and found favor with everyone who tried it. British cheeses came into their own. Stilton quickly emerged as the aristocrat of the bunch, but others were almost equally popular, with the colorful blue vinney, red Gloucester, and bright green sage Derby, and the yellow Cheshire, Cheddar, and Caerphilly all making their mark. Puddings became a feature, with homely sweets beside towering, quivering masterpieces of molded rice shapes, blancmanges, and jellies. But throughout all the changes, the accent remained on the relatively simple treatment of first-class raw materials.

The success of an empire was built on a hearty breakfast, with which the upper echelons of British society began their day. Porridge was followed by a confusing selection of delicacies hidden under silver lids: deviled kidneys, eggs in all forms, grilled or fried bacon and sausages, cold meats and game, potted and collared meats, fish dishes, fancy breads and toast, tea or coffee. Afternoon tea became the fashion, to bridge the gap between lunch and dinner, as the upper classes, following the lead of the Duchess of Bedford, served cucumber sandwiches, gentlemen's relish on toast, and all manner of dainty cakes, while the lower and middle classes in the North took to serving high tea—combining bread, jams, and potted pastes with substantial, hot regional dishes.

The two world wars were responsible for a quick decline in our eating habits, standards of living, and the availability of fresh produce. Housewives of all classes made do with what they could get hold of. Fresh food was scarce, drippings took the place of butter, and rabbits replaced the Sunday joint—if you were lucky. In the short breathing space between the wars, things returned to more or less normal. Roasts were back with all the trimmings, raised pies and a

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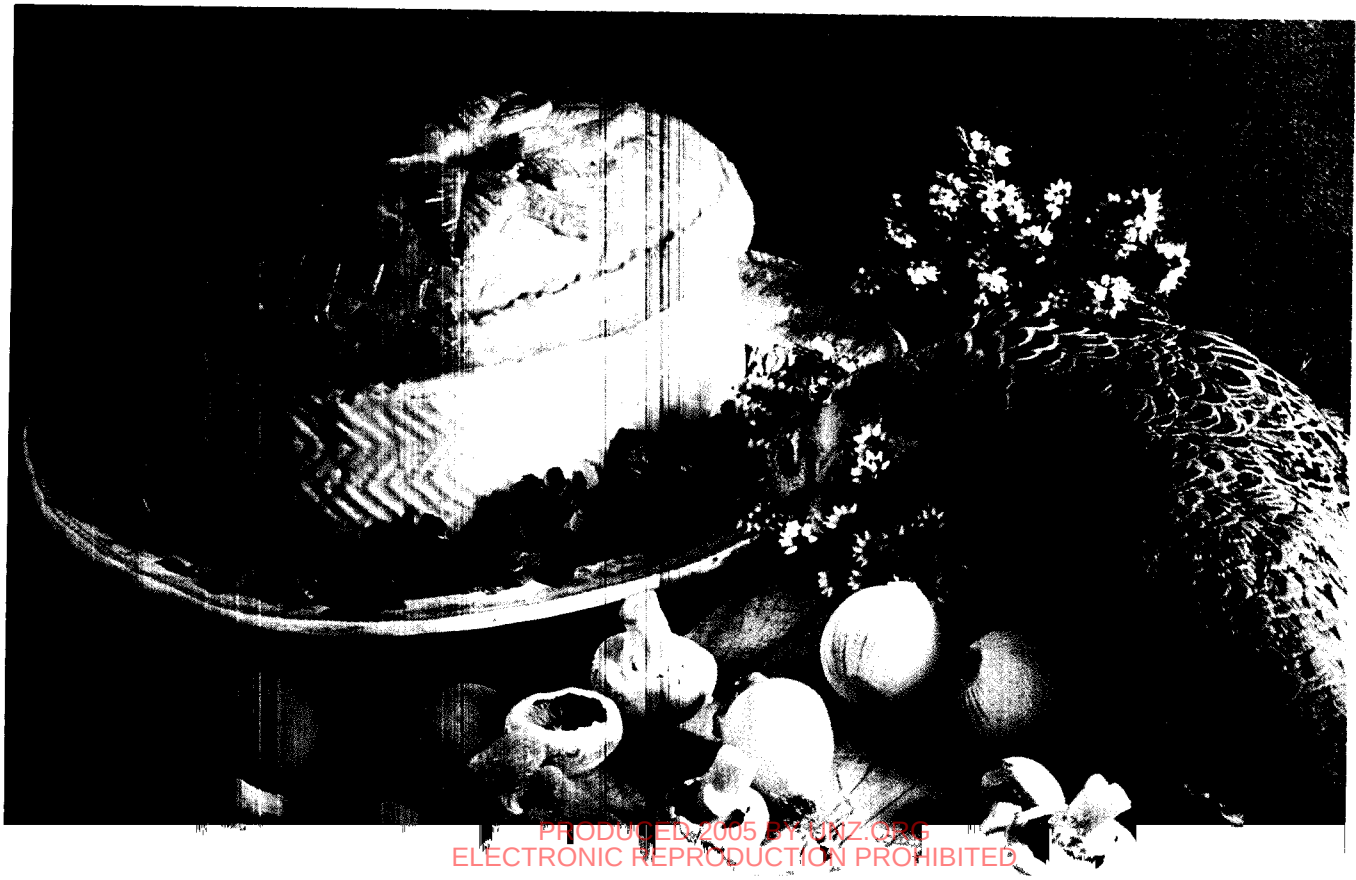
Barry Hicks from British Tourist Authority



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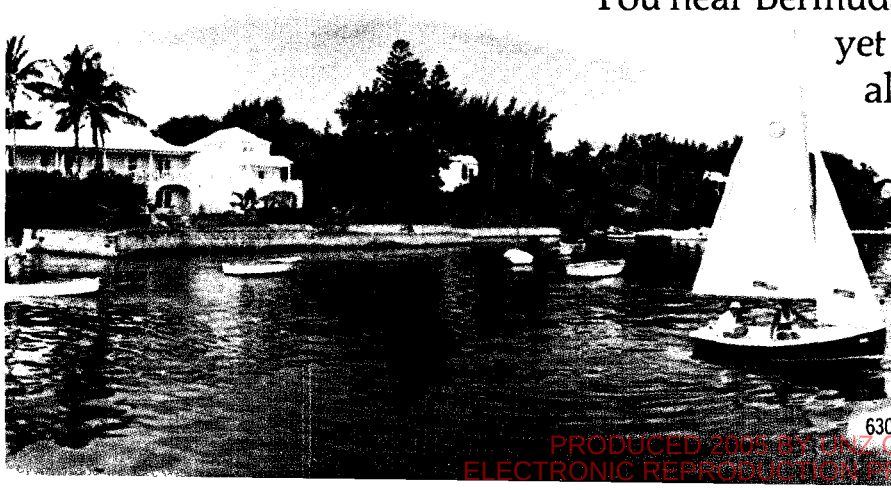

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fair cold table were produced for shooting parties, cucumber sandwiches appeared with the croquet sets, cold salmon and strawberries were reinstated for summer luncheons, and smoked salmon was once more the "in thing" for the gay young flappers of the time to nibble on as they sipped their champagne and puffed cigarettes through yard-long jade cigarette holders.

The Second World War hit even harder. Tennis courts were torn up to make way for cabbage patches, eggs disappeared as though by a magician's sleight of hand, our leaders encouraged us to eat whale meat and something called pemmican, and the only people fortunate enough to know what a chocolate bar looked like were those on the receiving end of American food parcels.

RATIONING went on long, long after the war ended, and it was only after our new queen came to the throne that things gradually began to look up. British food once more became a thing of delight and pleasure until, under Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, the phrase "We've never had it so good" referred as much to our food and our eating habits as it did to our general standards of living and our tax situation. Larders were full and beer flowed again. At Ascot and Wimbledon, champagne and Pimms No. 1 gushed in unlimited quantities, accompanied by salmon and thousands of pounds of ripe, glowingly red strawberries topped with lashings of cream. At home the Sunday joint was larger than ever. Television ads encouraged us to eat more and more eggs, butter, and cream; and for the first time in years, slimming became a necessity for many people.

The only trouble was that in all this glorious orgy of eating, traditional British food became more and more difficult to find in public until, for the visitor, it began to seem that it had disappeared forever. Fortunately, these dishes hadn't actually disappeared—they just went underground, so to speak, served only behind the closed doors of the Englishman's home, his castle, and in a few ancient establishments.

In this we've-never-had-it-so-good period, more and more restaurants sprang up in our cities, but they didn't offer boiled silverside of beef with dumplings, hazzard tart, leekie stew, rum fustain, chiddingly hot pot, or spotted dick. Haggis was still to be found on Scottish menus, but even the good old-fashioned English pub turned its face, like a traitor, from sausage and mash, cottage pie, a simple ploughman's lunch, or macaroni cheese to such foreign innovations as pizza, spaghetti, pâté with French bread, southern fried chicken, hamburgers, and French-style quiche.

Only secretly, behind the closed doors of the clubs of St. James, Pall Mall, and Brook Street—where members have their own special chairs, conversations are kept to a whisper, and *The Times* is folded in a certain way—was the food of John Bull served with the reverence it deserved, providing a choice, from the hot and cold table, of luscious thick slices of undercooked roast beef, cold York ham, and pickled tongue, or a succulent raised game pie, delicious nursery pudding, and a Stilton that was just ripe, accompanied by crisp celery, thin captain's biscuits, and a glass of the '24 port.

Fortunately, for the visitor as well as for the British themselves, things are looking up considerably in our brand of cuisine this year. Our fresh produce is as good as, if not better than, ever; many recent cookery books are plugging British food as something to be proud of; syllabubs, kedgerees, and many of the old-fashioned pies are being revived; and the English Tourist Board has set up a useful guide titled *A Taste of England* to encourage restaurants to serve authentic British food and the best of our very own special soups, first courses, shellfish and fish dishes, main courses, puddings, and hallowed savories. Young housewives are beginning to bake their own bread again and to dig out recipes written down by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers; there is a swing back to the regional delicacies and the simple, unadulterated dishes of the past. The initial excitement of frozen foods and convenience foods is beginning to die down, and a pride is building up once more in our kitchen heritage. Pubs, too, are gradually going back to the old-fashioned inn foods that go so well with beer and cider. A new booklet carries suggestions for over 750 restaurants where you can find authentic British food.

Nevertheless, to take full advantage of the gastronomic glories Britain has to offer requires a certain amount of dedication and the instincts of a hunter. In London, Simpsons in the Strand will still produce the goods; the Connaught, when you can get in, still stands supreme. Odins restaurant in Devonshire Street comes up trumps almost every time; and such old-fashioned fish restaurants as Sheekey's, Wiltons, and Bentley's never fail their reputation in the way of superb fresh shellfish, river and sea fish, as well as some simple delicacies such as liver and bacon, plump lamb chops, Lancashire hot pot, gull's eggs in season, and mouth-melting, wafer-thin slices of smoked salmon at all times.

Strike out from the beaten track and you can find traditional dishes and delicacies still thriving. Stay in a country bed-and-breakfast establishment and ask your hostess for regional dishes such as she serves to her own family. She will probably be surprised at being asked but will be delighted to oblige, giving you mackerel with gooseberry sauce, tripe and onions, rich jellied brawns, home-cured bacon, and scrumptious fruit pies. Visit the East End and the North of London and try the jellied eels or eels in parsley sauce, which are such a specialty of the city. Fortnum and Mason in London will supply you with hams and cheeses, but you will have to go to Cornwall to find a really good pasty; to the North Country to dig your teeth into the most luscious pork or meat pies; to Cumbria for mutton made to taste like ham, tattie pot, and coiled Cumberland sausages; and to the Isle of Man for Manx kippers and queenies (miniature scallops). In Scotland you will find an astonishing range of delectable local foods, not to mention the best smoked salmon in the world; and in fact, in any region you visit you can make some really exciting culinary finds.

The list is endless—meat, vegetables, fish, cakes, and puddings, each better than the other, simple, sophisticated, and sometimes downright extravagant, all adding up, in my opinion anyway, to some of the best food in the world. Provided you can find it. ◉

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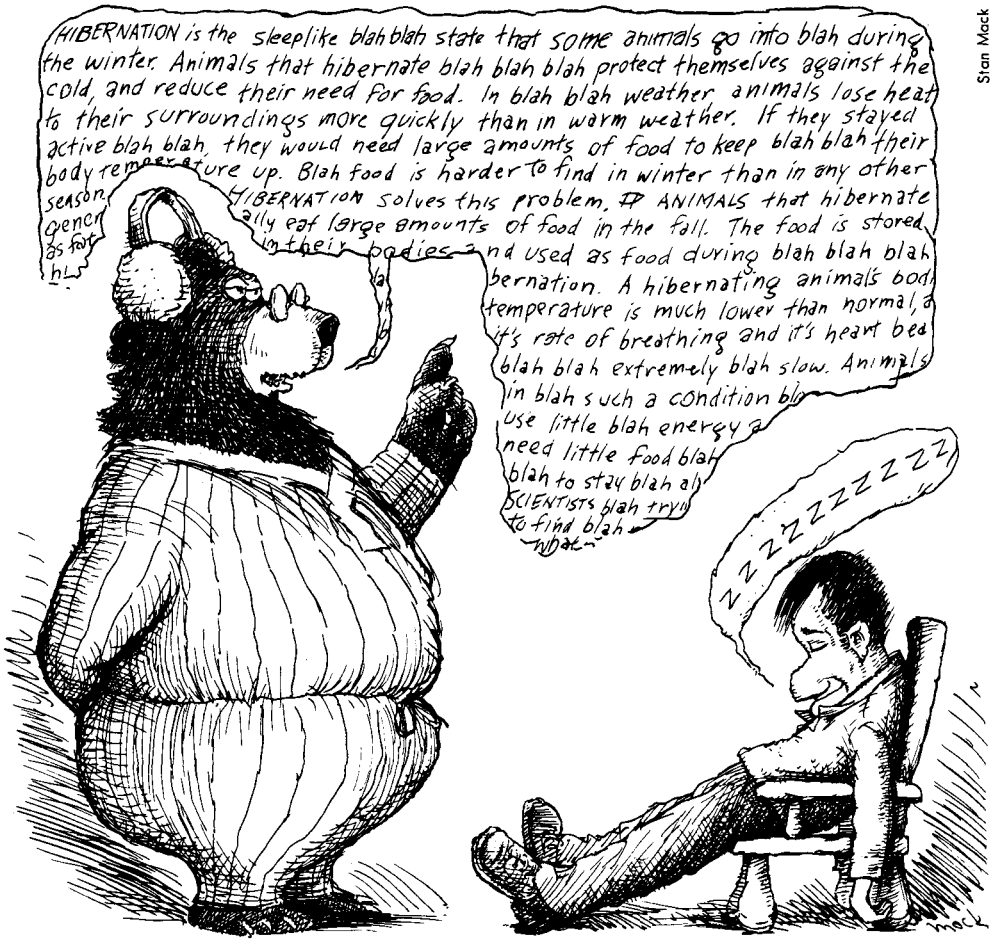
Scienceletter

Can Humans Be "Taught" To Hibernate?


HIBERNATION is the sleeplike blah blah state that some animals go into blah during the winter. Animals that hibernate blah blah blah protect themselves against the cold, and reduce their need for food. In blah blah weather animals lose heat to their surroundings more quickly than in warm weather. If they stayed active blah blah, they would need large amounts of food to keep blah blah their body temperature up. Blah food is harder to find in winter than in any other season. HIBERNATION solves this problem. IF ANIMALS that hibernate ally eat large amounts of food in the fall. The food is stored in their bodies and used as food during blah blah blah bernation. A hibernating animals body temperature is much lower than normal, a it's rate of breathing and it's heart bea blah blah extremely blah slow. Animals in blah such a condition blo use little blah energy a need little food blah blah to stay blah al SCIENTISTS blah try to find blah what
ZZZZZZZZ
Stan Mack

by Albert Rosenfeld

Fort Collins, Colorado

THE bear is only the best known of the many animals that hibernate. During hibernation, the whole organism goes into a state of deep torpor that lowers the metabolic rate and hence lowers all body functions. The notion that we might learn how hibernators perform this feat and then transfer the knowledge to human beings has been pursued since the early 1960s by a heart surgeon named Henry Swan. Now, in the late 1970s, here he stands, his tall, Lincolnesque figure slightly stooped as he counts up, in the freezer of his lab at Colorado State University, some 250 tiny brains, all taken from hibernating ground squirrels of the species *Citellus tridecemlineatus*. With these he hopes to provide clear-cut evidence of his long-sought hibernation hormone.

In the scenarios of science fiction, astronauts are frequently put into deep hibernation for long space voyages. But of what use would such a capacity be to women and men on earth, here and now? For one thing, it would be a handy talent to possess during certain types of surgery—Swan's original motivation for seeking it. When the metabolism is slowed, the body's tissues can go for longer periods of time without oxygen, simply because the cells have a proportionally reduced demand for it. This can be of critical importance for tissues of the brain or heart, whose cells cannot regenerate once they are dead and where damage, once inflicted, tends to be irreversible.

At present, the desired metabolic deceleration can only be achieved by cooling techniques that produce hypothermia, a physiological state in which the patient's temperature is lowered far below the normal 98.6° F. Bringing the temperature down to, say, 86° F can give the open-heart surgeon just the margin of time he needs to do the job with relative care and safety. Surgical teams have achieved hypothermia by a variety of means, all the way from packing the patient in ice to circulating his blood through a refrigerating apparatus outside the body. Hypothermia not only improves the chances of success in certain heart operations but also makes possible some surgery that could not otherwise be performed at all. Even so, the cooling process (and the rewarming process as well) is a cumbersome and tricky business, requiring constant surveillance.

Swan, until recently a cardiovascular surgeon at the University of Colorado Medical School in Denver, has always appreciated the benefits of hypothermia as much as anyone. In fact, he pioneered blood-vessel grafting and open-heart surgery under hypothermia, and he has received prestigious awards for his research. But he had always wished for some way to reduce the metabolic rate without having to resort to hypothermia, which is unwieldy and carries an extra element of risk. After all, before Swan and others started inducing hypothermia artificially, it was listed in the medical textbooks only as a condition to be treated (better still, avoided). In considering alternatives, Swan began thinking about hibernation and found himself wondering whether *that* state mightn't somehow be induced in patients.

THE word *hibernation* is used loosely to encompass any kind of metabolic slowdown. But it literally means "sleeping through the winter." Animals who "sleep through" the summer are known technically as aestivators rather than hibernators. Other creatures, such as bats and hummingbirds, "hibernate" through part of each day. To cover all these physiological states through all times and all seasons, Swan prefers the terms "metabolic torpor" or "torpidation." (There is a class of tiny marine animals called tardigrades that can remain for very long periods of time in a suspended state called cryptobiosis, which is not the same thing—but that is another story.)

Looking over the field of hibernators, aestivators, and "torpidators," Swan grew fascinated with the life cycle of the strange, eel-like African lungfish, *Protopterus aethiopicus*, the scourge of African

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rivers with its sharp teeth and lethally powerful jaws. In any torpidation marathon, *Protopterus* could hold its own with almost any creature. The lungfish, in periods of extreme drought, can lie doggo nonstop for two years at a stretch—virtually encased in hardened mud—then return speedily to normal life when the rains come again. What made the lungfish an even more attractive subject for Swan's attention is the fact that during torpor, though its metabolic rate goes way down to 15 percent of normal, its temperature *remains the same*. Moreover, *Protopterus* is big enough (20 to 44 inches long, 3 to 18 pounds) to provide the good-size segment of brain Swan would need to perform his experiments. He believed that some substance in the brain, probably a hormone manufactured for the occasion, might be responsible for the torpor and that, if the substance could be extracted, it might induce artificial torpor—one might call it "transferred hibernation"—in species that didn't normally become torpid.

The year was 1964, and NASA was much more affluent than it is now. With the space race at its height, the agency entertained realistic dreams of sending manned craft on voyages far from earth. It was only practical, then, for NASA to stake Swan to a lungfish-hunting expedition in Egypt, Sudan, and Uganda. Along the Upper Nile, Swan and an assistant hacked away at cement-hard mud in temperatures that went up to 108° F. He enlisted the support of scientists in Uganda, who later shipped several specimens of *Protopterus* to Denver. He then recruited a couple of knowledgeable colleagues to assist in the research. After a number of cautious trial-and-error attempts with the lungfish in laboratory aquariums, the investigators were finally able to create the conditions that sent the fish into the desired state of torpor.

A big problem remained: the substance they were seeking, if it existed, might well turn out to be a hormone or a hormone-like molecule. In that case, it might only be present in sufficient quantities to be detected while the fish remained torpid, because such molecules tend to dissipate quickly as soon as an animal is aroused. How, then, to get the fish out of its casing of artificial mud and kill it before it had a chance to reawaken and begin to struggle? The researchers finally worked out an ingenious method whereby they could quickly expose the fish and perform instant decapitation with a single well-aimed blow of a meat cleaver.

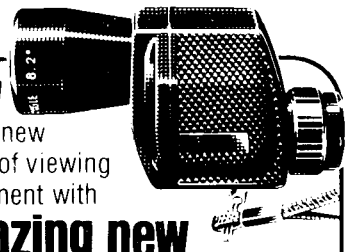
Swan and his associates did succeed in extracting a torpidation-inducing substance, which they called antabolone (pronounced an-TAB-o-lone, short for "antimetabolic hormone"). Injected into rats, it produced dramatic results. The rats quickly became lethargic, failed to respond to a variety of irritating stimuli, and showed no interest in food nearly all the next day. They didn't return to normal for a period of 18 to 24 hours.

Swan has pursued these experiments over the years, with minimal financing. He has become one of the world's leading authorities on torpidation and has produced a monumental text on the subject, titled *Thermoregulation and Bioenergetics*. He is still seeking to purify and identify antabolone more precisely and, in the search for a less exotic and expensive experimental animal, has turned his attention to *Citellus*, the hibernating ground squirrel that lives right here in Colorado. How soon, if ever, open-heart patients can be given torpor shots instead of hypothermia remains, of course, a question that awaits an answer.

SWAN believes that if antabolone lives up to its promise, it could, quite apart from its potential value in the operating room, be one of the great drugs of medical history. If it can safely and efficiently slow the metabolic rate, it will reduce the oxygen requirements of the body's cells—enabling the cells to survive much longer in conditions of oxygen deprivation. Some of our major killer diseases do their damage via the death of tissue from oxygen deficiency—in heart attack and stroke, for instance, cells of the heart and the brain, respectively, are deprived of oxygen and die.

Swan sees applications for antabolone ranging all the way from the emergency treatment of seriously injured patients in shock to the lowering of fever in infections (in which the heat itself wears out the body without doing it any good). The drug could have important uses in cancer, emphysema, and diffuse toxic hyperthyroidism. And its diverse applications could cover the whole range of life—from the critical respiratory ailments of the newborn, such as hyaline membrane disease, to a possible slowdown of the aging process itself.

This may be the first time you're hearing the names of either the substance, antabolone, or the man, Henry Swan. But it's a fair bet that even if antabolone turns out to be less of a superdrug than its discoverer now envisions, you'll be hearing more of both again. ◉



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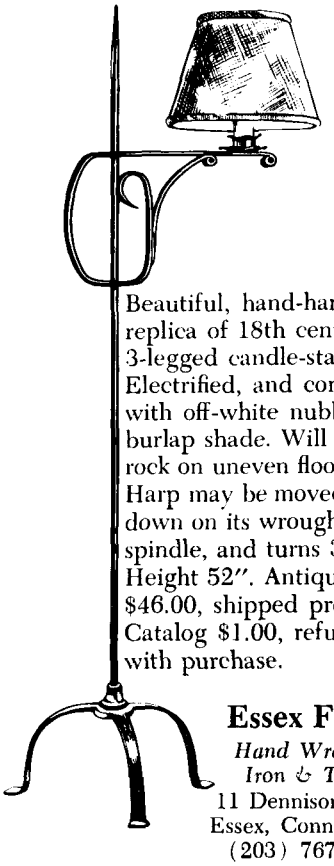

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Combat Junky

A Rumor of War
by Philip Caputo
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 288 pp., $10

Reviewed by C. D. B. Bryan

PHILIP CAPUTO was among the first American troops sent into Vietnam; he landed at Da Nang on March 8, 1965, as a young Marine infantry officer with the 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade. Caputo left Vietnam 16 months later, served 10 months with an infantry training company in North Carolina, then received an honorable discharge. Within a year he found himself growing nostalgic for the war. Caputo writes in the prologue to *A Rumor of War*:

I was involved in the antiwar movement at the time and struggled, unsuccessfully, to reconcile my opposition to the war with this nostalgia. Later, I realized a reconciliation was impossible; I would never be able to hate the war with the undiluted passion of my friends in the movement. Because I had fought in it, it was not an abstract issue, but a deeply emotional experience, the most significant thing that had happened to me. It held my thoughts, senses, and feelings in an unbreakable embrace. . . . I could protest as loudly as the most convinced activist, but I could not deny the grip the war had on me, nor the fact that it had been an experience as fascinating as it was repulsive, as exhilarating as it was sad, as tender as it was cruel. . . .

Anyone who fought in Vietnam, if he is honest about himself, will have to admit he enjoyed the compelling attractiveness of combat. Under fire, a man's powers of life heightened in proportion to the proximity of death so that he felt an elation as extreme as his dread. His senses quickened, he attained an acuity of consciousness at once pleasurable and excruciating. It is something like the elevated state of awareness induced by drugs. And it can be just as addictive, for it makes whatever else life offers in the way of delights or torments seem pedestrian.

Permit me one more extended quote from Caputo's prologue:

This book does not pretend to be history. It has nothing to do with politics, power, strategy, influence, national interests, or foreign policy; nor is it an indictment of the great men who led us into Indochina and whose mistakes were paid for with the blood of quite ordinary men. In a general sense, it is simply a story about war, about the things men do in war and the things war does to them. More strictly, it is a soldier's account of our longest conflict, the only one we have ever lost, as well as the record of a long and sometimes painful experience.

Caputo, in other words, is asking us to accept *A Rumor of War* simply as a war story; and although I'm not entirely certain any of us are as yet able to view Vietnam unencumbered by emotional and political baggage, I am willing to give Caputo the benefit of the doubt because the man who emerges from this prologue appears to be an utterly honest and reasonable one whose tone tells us something important about the lack of bias he brings to his reporting of this war.

The great war books evoke an almost palpable atmosphere. Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, for example, seems to exude a gray fog, an odor of wet wool, cordite, mud. Hold Tom Heggen's *Mr. Roberts* and you almost feel the heat rising off deck plate, hear the waves lapping against a rusting hull. I cannot pull Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* off the shelf without remembering that one nighttime passage on the jungle island. A river bubbles sluggishly past. It is quiet. Too quiet. And then suddenly, finally, inevitably, that awful voice calls across the water from the opposite jungle bank: "Yank. We you coming-to-get, Yank!" Or *Mission Beyond Darkness*, the book my father, J. Bryan III, wrote with Philip Reed, in which Admiral

UPI

"Nerves so frayed, muscles so tired, men so weary, numbed, frustrated. . . ."

C.D.B. Bryan is the author of Friendly Fire.

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Mitscher orders out his SBDs, SB2Cs, and TBFs on an almost impossibly long strike against the Japanese fleet. That book vibrates with dive bombers, torpedo planes struggling through the night, trying to make it back to their carriers before running out of fuel; pilots calling out to one another, "We can't make it, can't make it, we're going in"; aircraft dropping like plums into the black Pacific; Mitscher floodlighting his carriers, taking that desperate gamble to help his men find their way home. It is the best navy war book I have ever read and now, sadly, it is out of print. And so is Martin Russ's *The Last Parallel*, the best book to come out of the Korean War. It was such an intelligent and composed book in its exact reflection of the ambivalence of the Fifties generation toward that war. Every war seems to find its own voice; Caputo, it seems to me, is an eloquent spokesman for all we lost in Vietnam.

I don't think any of the "Vietnam books" until now have provided us with a real feeling about what it was like to fight in that war. Other very good books have given us insights into isolated incidents: Daniel Lang's account of the kidnapping, rape, and murder of a Vietnamese peasant girl in *Casualties of War*; the burn ward story in Ronald J. Glasser's *365 Days*; the ignominy and degradation of a veterans' hospital in Ron Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July*; the awful detachment of the air war in Jonathan Schell's *Village of Ben Suc*. But only Caputo's book seems to capture an entire tour—to capture in fact the essence of a generation of young men who had thrilled to John F. Kennedy's challenge, "Ask not what your country can do for you . . ." and had seen in their service not only an entirely acceptable and praiseworthy response but an escape from the boredom of a middle-class suburban future. And what the war did to those men was to leave them estranged from their contemporaries, feeling older than their fathers and exposed to the sort of personal horrors that the rest of us can only guess at.

We can only guess because what did those of us who did not fight in Vietnam ever really know about that war? We would see scraps on the television news: men leaping from hovering helicopters, the rattle of automatic rifle fire as men dashed into the cover of the jungle and were gone, replaced by a Senate committee report, a commercial, the Dow-Jones industrial average. The cameras could photograph only what could be seen, and the enemy was rarely seen. Caputo writes:

" 'I could not deny the grip the war had on me. . . . Under fire, a man's powers of life heightened in proportion to the proximity of death so that he felt an elation as extreme as his dread.' "

[The war] was a matter of enduring weeks of expectant waiting and, at random intervals, conducting vicious manhunts through jungles and swamps where snipers harassed us constantly and booby traps cut us down one by one. . . . The tedium was occasionally relieved by a large-scale search-and-destroy operation, but the exhilaration of riding the lead helicopter into a landing zone was usually followed by more of the same hot walking with the mud sucking at our boots, and the sun thudding against the helmet while an invisible enemy shot at us from distant tree lines. The rare instances when the VC chose to fight a set-piece battle provided the only excitement; not ordinary excitement, but the manic ecstasy of contact. Weeks of bottled-up tensions would be released in a few minutes of orgiastic violence, men screaming and shouting obscenities above the explosions of grenades and the rapid, rippling bursts of automatic rifles.

Caputo's book takes us where the television cameras never could: deep into the jungle, where the heat was so oppressive, packs so heavy, nerves so frayed, muscles so tired, men so weary, numbed, frustrated, that an outsider can understand the inevitable savagery of a My Lai. This, in itself, is one of the extraordinary accomplishments of the book. Another is Caputo's honesty in admitting the ambivalence and nostalgia he feels for the war. If I were to pick the major fault of his book, it would be that the understanding he brings to himself in his prologue is missing in his portrayal of the others with whom he served. Caputo is a reporter, with a reporter's aversion to characterization, but a book of this sort demands more than just the name-rank-and-serial-number details he gives us if we are to share his sense of loss over the death of his comrades. On the other hand, the men I have spoken with who fought in Vietnam say they rarely wanted to know very much about their comrades other than how reliable they would be in a fight. And this book is not, after all, a novel, but a personal memoir, so its focus, by definition, is on its narrator, not the other men.

And this leads to a rather fascinating aspect of the story for me, something Caputo hints at but does not explore: the addictive quality of war. Caputo left the Marine Corps in 1967 and joined the *Chicago Tribune* the following year. As part of an investigative reporting team, he shared a 1972 Pulitzer for coverage of primary election fraud. He went next to Rome to head the *Tribune*'s bureau there. He covered the October 1973 war in the Middle East, the Ethiopian civil war, the Turkish invasion of Cyprus, and in the spring of 1975 requested permission to cover the closing stages of the Vietnam War. Caputo, one of the first American soldiers in Vietnam, was one of the last American reporters to leave. He returned to the Middle East, where in October 1975 he was wounded by machine-gun fire in the streets of Beirut. It was during his recovery from these wounds that he sat still long enough to write this book. He is now the Moscow reporter for the *Tribune*. In addition to a Pulitzer, Caputo has won a prestigious George Polk Memorial Award from the Overseas Press Club for his reporting on his capture by Palestinian guerrillas. One can just imagine him getting antsy in Moscow, eagerly scanning reports for some new war to cover.

EARLIER in this review I mentioned the almost palpable atmosphere certain war books evoke, an aura seemingly made visible by the clarity with which one later remembers certain scenes. There is a ghostliness to *A Rumor of War*. No specific image remains clear for long; it is as though one's memory becomes glazed by the awful heat of Vietnam. One recalls the scene in which a platoon goes berserk, explodes in a violent rage at a VC village, burns every thatched hut, blows up every cement structure, disintegrates into a savage mob. And yet one has difficulty placing where it occurred in the book. In another scene one Marine blows off another's head at point-blank range over a quarrel about standing watch. Platoons drift back from patrols minus men lost to mines and booby traps. The book is so filled with incident after incident of such brutality that one is left dulled, glutted by savagery. I suspect that this is the only reliable image we will ever have of the Vietnam War. And for those, like Caputo, who fought there, it is the awful image they must carry, too, of themselves. ◉

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Books

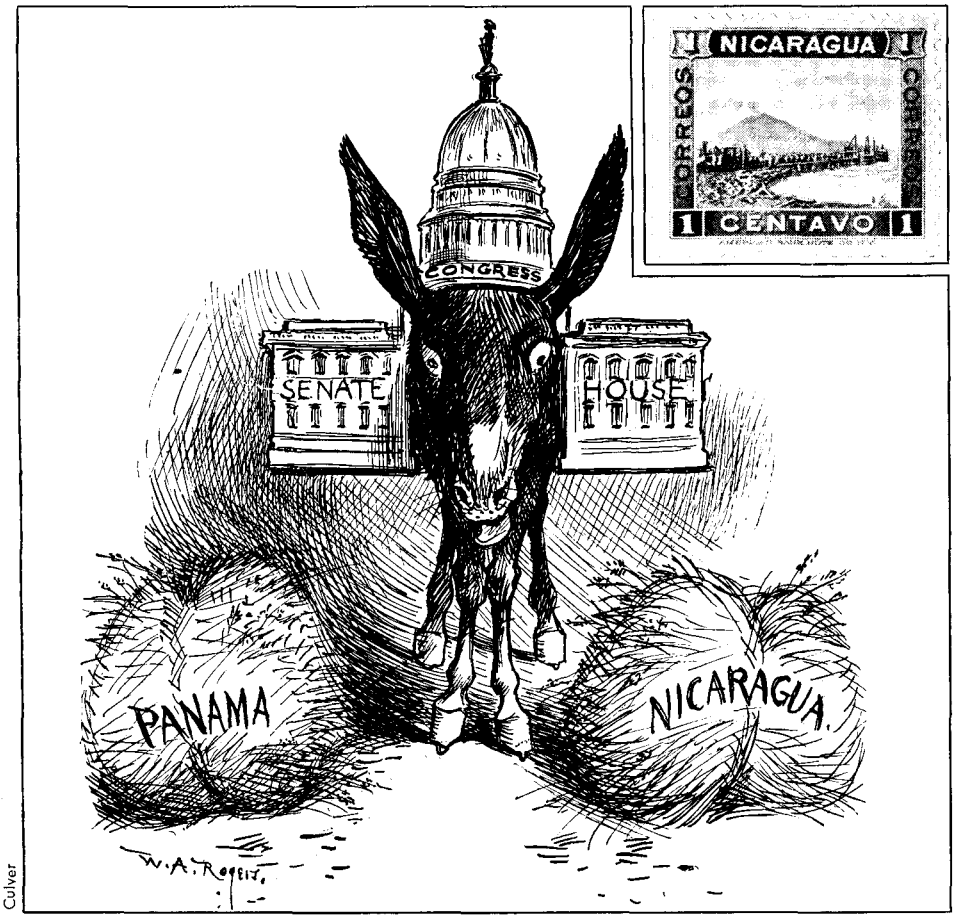
The Taking of the Isthmus

The Path Between the Seas: The Creation of the Panama Canal, 1870–1914
by David McCullough
Simon & Schuster, 698 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Alan Riding

PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA, a buccaneering French engineer who had been involved in the disastrous French effort to build a transoceanic canal at Panama, was understandably nervous as he arrived at the home of the American Secretary of State, John Hay, on the afternoon of November 18, 1903. Bunau-Varilla had been sent as a "confidential agent" of the Republic of Panama to "adjust" a canal treaty with the United States, in exchange for promoting Panama's independence from Colombia two weeks earlier, and he was in a hurry to conclude and sign a treaty that would give the United States authority to build a 50-mile canal across Panama and to control a 10-mile-wide zone "in perpetuity." He had but three hours to do so, because Panama's new leaders had suddenly sent a high-level delegation to join the negotiations, and the envoys were due in Washington that afternoon. To save time, he suggested coyly, the reading of the text of the treaty could be "abridged as far as possible." He and Hay then quickly signed the document, and the "taking of the Isthmus," as Theodore Roosevelt would later boast, was complete.

The cartoon "The Deliberations of Congress" (from Harper's Weekly*) lampoons the debate over whether to build the canal through Panama or Nicaragua. Stamp (inset) shows active volcano cited by anti-Nicaraguan faction as reason for building elsewhere.*



Culver

When the Panamanians did arrive, Bunau-Varilla cheerfully reported: "The Republic of Panama is henceforth under the protection of the United States. I have just signed the canal treaty." According to Bunau-Varilla, one delegate almost fainted, while another could not mask his "consternation"; according to other versions, one envoy was so livid that he struck the Frenchman across the face. The irritated Bunau-Varilla warned them that their protestations were useless since "everything is finished," and, furthermore, Washington would withdraw its recognition of Panama were the treaty not quickly ratified. On December 2, 1903, less than one month after "independence," it was ratified.

Panama's claim today that it was hoodwinked in 1903 is thus amply supported by the protests that began as soon as the Hay–Bunau-Varilla Treaty was signed. After all, no Panamanian even saw it in draft form, and no Panamanian was present at the signing ceremony. For most of the past 74 years, Panama has been trying to have the treaty revoked.

Negotiations to this end are at last making progress, and a new treaty may soon be signed, granting Panama effective sovereignty over all its territory and the right to take over the canal itself within 20 or 25 years. One bone remains stuck in the throat: the United States Senate must ratify, by a two-thirds majority, any treaty returning to Panama what Panama had never intended to give away.

David McCullough's fascinating account of the building of the Panama Canal, *The Path Between the Seas*, is most timely, since it not only recounts the bizarre scenario that led up to the signing of the 1903 treaty but also traces the beginnings of the animosity that has existed between Panamanians and Americans ever since.

McCullough emphasizes one fact that has been obscured by the pride Americans took in the subsequent construction of the canal: many Americans, even in 1903, considered the creation of Panama and the signing of the canal treaty to be shameful acts of imperialism. Newspaper cartoons and editorials cried out against them, and even Secretary Hay noted, with certain embarrassment, that the new treaty

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was "very satisfactory, vastly advantageous to the United States and, we must confess with what face we can muster, not so advantageous to Panama."

Of course Roosevelt's determination to "have" his canal had been apparent from the time he sought permission from Colombia to build a canal across its Department of Panama, threatening to construct the waterway in Nicaragua if permission wasn't given to him. He even intimated that his "impetuous and violent disposition" might result in American seizure of the Isthmus. Once the Hay–Herrán Treaty was signed in January 1903, giving the United States control over a six-mile-wide canal zone for 100 years, Roosevelt heaped abuse on Colombian politicians who objected to the agreement and were refusing to ratify it. "Those contemptible little creatures in Bogotá ought to understand how much they are jeopardizing things and imperiling their own future," he wrote, later adding: "We may have to give a lesson to those jackrabbits." When the Colombian congress *unanimously* rejected the draft treaty, Teddy's Big Stick soon followed. Tempted by the $10 million Washington promised as payment for permission to build a canal, Panamanian politicians began plotting their rebellion against Colombia. With Bunau-Varilla acting as intermediary between the rebels and the State Department, independence was declared on November 5, 1903. American gunboats stood offshore to scare off the Colombians, and the United States recognized the new republic the following day.

The story of how the United States then built the lock canal has long since become part of American lore, and the details of the saga remain forever fascinating: the battle against mosquitoes carrying yellow fever and malaria; the endless landslides, brought down by Panama's heavy tropical rains, delaying progress on excavation and even blocking the waterway for seven months soon after it was opened to traffic; the actual building of the huge locks, which took four years and produced what were, until the construction of Hoover Dam 20 years later, the largest concrete structures in the world.

McCULLOUGH has done well to remind us that while the Panamanians may have contributed little to the building of *their* canal, Americans comprised less than 20 percent of the entire work force. The rest were Barbadians, Jamaicans, and poor blacks from other Caribbean islands, thousands of whom lived in a poverty that shocked even Teddy Roosevelt when he visited Panama in 1906. "The least satisfactory feature of the entire work to my mind was the arrangement to feed the Negroes," he wrote soon after his trip. "Those cooking sheds with their muddy floors and with the unclean pot which each man had, in which he cooked everything, are certainly not what they should be." But conditions never improved for the black laborers. Many who survived a decade of backbreaking work lacked the money to return home to the islands and stayed on in Panama, frequently finding menial employment in the new Panama Canal Company.

Ironically, while the black laborers were dying in their shacks of malaria and pneumonia, the United States, in just a few years, was transforming the tropical disease-ridden jungles and the fetid cities of Panama into a respectable copy of middle America. By 1907, steam-shovel engineers had been unionized in the Canal Zone. By 1911, thousands of tourists came each year to witness the excavation of the nine-mile Culebra Cut. By 1913, life in the Zone was very much as it is today, with the United States government providing housing and all basic services for the workers while schools and clubs offered Americans an organized and familiar environment.

McCullough does his best to contain the reader's disappointment at the victory of organization and efficiency over adventure and romance, bringing to life the wild dreams, heroic struggles, and innumerable disasters that preceded the successful completion of the waterway. Perhaps more than any other account of the construction of the canal, *The Path Between the Seas* does credit to the magnificent scale of the French failure on which the American success was built. What counted for the French was playing, not winning.

Ferdinand de Lesseps personified this dilettante spirit. Having built the Suez Canal, he surmised that it would be even easier to construct a sea-level canal across Panama—even though he had never set eyes on Panama and there were no reliable surveys of the Isthmus available to him at the time. He began by creating a private company to do the work (the French government kept away for fear of upsetting Washington by seeming to challenge the Monroe Doctrine) and raised the necessary capital by issuing bonds to an enthused French public. The naïvety of the effort was extraordinary. French engineers and black laborers died in droves, believing that yellow fever and malaria came from filth and low morals rather than from the bite of a mildly annoying mosquito. Construction was also more difficult than anticipated, with machinery sinking deep into mud and landslides frequently wiping out weeks of work.

But for a long time, De Lesseps's reputation, confidence, and sheer charm beguiled the French public. Only a few cynics dared suggest that "Le Grand Français," as he was nicknamed, was really "Le Grand Undertaker." But eventually—and suddenly, as far as most Frenchmen were concerned—the French canal company went broke. Financial scandals surfaced, a government fell, and De Lesseps and his son were brought to trial for fraud—even though neither had sought to translate their dreams into personal wealth.

One figure survived the collapse: the inimitable Philippe Bunau-Varilla. His admiration for De Lesseps and his obsession with a Panama canal continued long after he had served briefly, at the age of twenty-seven, as chief engineer of the project. When the United States finally gave preference to a canal in Panama over one in Nicaragua, the engineer-turned-operator abruptly reappeared, persuading Roosevelt to pay $40 million for the French concession and, slippery tongued as ever, "guiding" Panama to independence. For many years, in fact, Bunau-Varilla acted as the vital bridge between the French dream and the American reality. Perhaps more than anyone else involved in the project, he made the entire canal controversy possible. But today, he is probably remembered—and despised—only in Panama. ◉

Wit Twister No. 98

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 57.

What Fabre learned, he had to
— — — — — through toil;
No — — — — — wrote it on the
barren soil.
He scanned each — — — — —
of the wasp and fly,
From — — — — — part to abdomen and eye
And, like a modern — — —
— —, gathered lore
Unseeing men had not observed
before.

A. S.

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Outside Looking In

Certain People: America's Black Elite
by Stephen Birmingham
Little, Brown, 301 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Lisle C. Carter, Jr.

In *Certain People*, Stephen Birmingham, chronicler of the Jewish and Irish upper crusts, takes us on a Gray Line tour of black society—and runs into a brier patch. Like a tour driver's commentary, *Certain People* is largely a mixture of superficial patter and patronizing hyperbole, but unlike the driver, Birmingham doesn't seem to have a very good idea of where he's going.

Birmingham begins in a conventional enough fashion. He sets out to establish—through an account of the now vanished Palmer Memorial Institute, a preparatory school for young men and women of color—that there has been and is an upper social class in the black community that cares about self-pride, civility, and taste. He then contrasts the older group with examples of the newly rich black elite. But by the thirteenth chapter of *Certain People*, Birmingham seems disenchanted with his formulation: "Most upper-class blacks have deep feelings of inferiority because of the color of their skin and their general 'visibility' as black people." Soon, "most upper-class blacks" becomes "most blacks," who, wanting to be white, are filled with "self-hatred," "self-loathing," and "self-contempt."

One looks in vain to *Certain People* for an illumination of the historical and present impact of race discrimination on conventional notions of social class. Birmingham tells us that class is evidenced more by a sense of self-assurance, dignity, and common interests than by money and material possessions. He chides blacks for measuring class by educational attainment rather than by business status, as he says whites do. In fact, self-assurance in America, like class status, is linked to money and power. And it is precisely money and power that blacks have had so much trouble securing.

It is in regard to blacks and business that Birmingham begins to come to grips with the black dilemma. He underlines the extent to which blacks accumulated significant wealth and property before, during, and just after the Civil War. The author speculates on why blacks did not capitalize on these assets in the enormous economic explosion during that period; yet he avoids the most palpable reason—the black community's almost complete vulnerability to oppressive discrimination by whites in the last part of the nineteenth century.

Citing some economic abuses blacks have suffered at the hands of whites, Birmingham reports on the pillaging by white financiers of the Freedmen's Bank, which held the savings of large numbers of blacks. Yet he fails to discuss the ways in which European immigrants drove black artisans, often violently, from working at their crafts or how blacks were duped or simply robbed of valuable downtown properties. Nor does he discuss how black inventors were deprived of the benefits of their inventions.

"I hate it when they split infinitives."

The economic consequences of these and numerous other depredations are obvious; but equally damaging to blacks, though less readily apparent, was their loss of self-assurance and growing sense of powerlessness. No identifiable segment of the black community has wholly overcome that sense, and thus notions of an upper class appear trivial and pretentious to many blacks. Still, there are myriad black families with a strong sense of heritage, pride, and dignity—and they are found at every economic level.

In the end, *Certain People* fails badly as a book primarily because of Birmingham's blatant ignorance of his subject. In a stunningly inept chapter on religion, for instance, Birmingham does not mention the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and so he is clearly unaware that it was formed in 1816 not as an outgrowth of the slaves' worship but because discrimination led to a schism with the white Methodist Church.

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While he cleverly takes his book's title from a taxi driver's characterization of the NAACP as the National Association for the Advancement of *Certain* People, he attributes this view to "less affluent blacks," not realizing that ordinary, hardworking black folk have kept the NAACP alive. It is also clear, time and again, that Birmingham's unfamiliarity with the black community makes him vulnerable to the pretensions and put-ons of some of his interviewees, as when he patronizingly puts down, in one way or another, Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. DuBois, and Mary McLeod Bethune.

Most objectionable of all Birmingham's sins is his crude psychotheorizing. Light-colored skin preoccupies *Certain People* as if it were of major importance in the black world rather than a dated phenomenon: privileged young blacks claim pride in their status, but they would rather be white; blacks are so full of self-doubt they can't believe another black can do anything worthwhile. Blacks, we are told, prefer Scotch whiskeys with "white" in their brand names to "Black and White" or "Black Label." Could it be because of his "whiter looks" that Thurgood Marshall was appointed to the United States Supreme Court instead of Judge Wade McCree? Just to repeat these absurdities is to be appalled again by the ignorance of their author.

Deliver us, Lord, from a tour guide who, fallen among briers, fancies himself a White Hunter wounded by darts and writes venomously about the natives. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 85

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 56.

TRRJ XZCRSWNKRLC

IXZ CKEDSA UGZUYC

NGIN EZL JXIO RL I

VILY OGZXZ NGZA

GIBZ LR IUURWLN.

—OKSJZ

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Books in Brief

Eliot's Early Years

by Lyndall Gordon
Oxford University Press, 174 pp., $8.95

THE poem's the thing, of course. Yet by rigorously pursuing her stated aim of measuring Eliot's poetry against his life and by avoiding all peripheral detail, Lyndall Gordon sets the work of this elusive, and in a sense intensely autobiographical poet in almost incandescent perspective. She shows, furthermore, that his poetry and his life were complementary parts of a "consuming search for salvation."

Her examination of unpublished material in the form of Eliot's notebooks, his wife's diaries, his mother's poems, and his highly revealing drafts of *The Waste Land* enables her to chart a soul's journey, along whose painful way the poems seem like so many epitaphs. We see a man self-absorbed, guilt-ridden, distrustful of women (and lacking insight into them), preoccupied from youth with the notion of sainthood, and making compulsive darts into an everyday world that fascinates and repels him. We also see his yearnings for the Absolute, assuaged by only an occasional experience of "timeless moments," yield to the more modest goals of discipline, prayer, and action—a change outwardly marked by his conversion to Anglo-Catholicism at the age of thirty-eight.

Particularly engrossing is the light Gordon sheds on the element of sexual and religious fantasy in Eliot's earliest poetry, on his nightmare marriage, on the essentially American sources of his inspiration, and, above all, on the moral fervor of his mother.

It's a fine book, sharp in judgment, rich in insight, and suitably dotted with "I thinks." —PETER GARDNER

Mabel: A Biography of Mabel Dodge Luhan

by Emily Hahn
Houghton Mifflin, 228 pp., $10

MABEL GANSON EVANS DODGE STERNE LUHAN was a triumph of the will, an Emma Bovary who realized her dreams. She catapulted from the stuffy confines of late-nineteenth-century Buffalo, New York, to Paris (where she hobnobbed with Gertrude Stein and friends) to Florence to Greenwich Village (where she presided over an illustrious radical salon and took John Reed as a lover) to Taos, New Mexico (where she married an Indian after an adulterous affair and mother-henned such writers as D. H. Lawrence and Robinson Jeffers).

Wherever she went, Mabel meddled in other people's lives, kept an eye peeled for lovers—who often became husbands—and pushed the causes of the day, from labor radicalism to the teachings of Gurdjieff to Indian rights. She knocked off four volumes of memoirs (which were warmly greeted by most critics of the 1930s), blithely compared herself to Proust, and had the pleasure of outliving her detractors, dying at a ripe eighty-three in 1962.

Emily Hahn, who has written fifteen other volumes, concentrates on the personal Mabel and makes a thorough job of it, but I wish the author had devoted more space to the world around her heroine. Mabel may have been self-centered, but she did not live in a vacuum.

—CHARLES MONAGHAN

Does Anybody Give a Damn?

by Nat Hentoff
Knopf, 245 pp., $8.95

NAT HENTOFF, award-winning author in the 1960s of *Our Children Are Dying*, has observed schools hundreds of times with the cool eye of an experienced visitor and the warm heart of a believer in justice. He is outraged by much of what he sees in classrooms, but this book is not just one more indictment of the schools. He has been looking for schools that "can and do work for all kids," and for successful approaches to education that can be replicated. He has found them.

He has discovered that the kind of caring that finds expression in permissive love and compassion is not enough. Pedagogical styles, whether new or old, make little difference. What does matter is letting the youngsters know they are *expected* to achieve. That and the patience and determination to hold them to high standards of learning are what true caring is all about.

Does Anybody Give a Damn? is a reassuring book because it documents the fact that inner-city youngsters can and will learn if given the chance. It is a profoundly disturbing book because it shows once more how many children are never given that chance. —JAMES CASS

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Tidied Up

Yehuda Amichai is an Israeli poet born in Germany in 1924. He emigrated to Palestine with his family in 1936. I find his poems poignant, witty, and sometimes healthily vulgar. There's a new book of his out this month, *Amen* (Harper & Row, $7.95 cloth, $4.95 paper), with an introduction by the English poet Ted Hughes. Hughes also did a little work on the poems, which were written in English: "All I did was correct the more intrusive oddities of grammar and usage, and in some places shift about the phrasing and line-ending." Is this a new category in poetry—instead of "translated by" we'll have "tidied by"? Here's "Letter of Recommendation":

On summer nights I sleep naked
in Jerusalem on my bed,
which stands on the brink
of a deep valley
without rolling down into it.

During the day I walk about,
the Ten Commandments on my lips
like an old song someone is humming
to himself.

Oh, touch me, touch me, you good
woman!
This is not a scar you feel under my
shirt.
It's a letter of recommendation, folded,
from my father:
"He is still a good boy and full of love."

I remember my father waking me up
for early prayers. He did it caressing
my forehead, not tearing the blanket
away.

Since then I love him even more.
And because of this
let him be woken up
gently and with love
on the Day of Resurrection.

Pulitzers, National Book Awards, and Such

Award season has come and gone, and the old folks have copped most of the prizes. Wallace Stegner, sixty-eight, got the National Book Award for his novel *The Spectator Bird*; Richard Eberhart, seventy-three, nabbed the NBA for his *Collected Poems 1930–1976*; James Merrill, generally still thought of as a "young poet" at fifty-one, won the poetry Pulitzer for *Divine Comedies*; and Muriel Rukeyser, sixty-three, was given the Shelley Memorial Award by the Poetry Society of America.

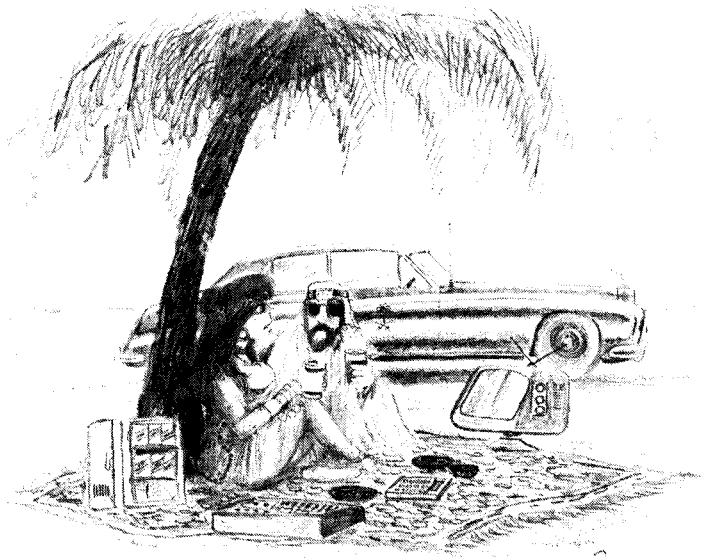
The National Book Awards organization was criticized—isn't it always—for selecting this year a group of judges who are too old. And indeed, they are old, but not *too* old. The chairman of each judging committee is a member of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. Now, you don't generally get elected to that august body until your hair has turned gray—but that doesn't mean that your mind is cloudy.

There were some surprises during award season, the most notable of which was the Pulitzer committee skipping over fiction. The judges (in their sixties) had recommended two books: *A River Runs Through It: And Other Stories*, by Norman Maclean (in his seventies), and *October Light*, by the prolific John Gardner, a mere lad. But for some reason the Pulitzer trustees said, "No dice." True, 1976 wasn't a great year for fiction, but there were the above-named respectable books, as well as Richard Yates's strong *The Easter Parade*. Among the surprises can be numbered the Pulitzer winner for general nonfiction, William W. Warner's *Beautiful Swimmers: Watermen, Crabs and the Chesapeake Bay*. Not a heavy book (the usual Pulitzer winners), but a charming one.

During what's known as "National Book Award Week," book critics from in-town and out-of-town enjoy, or sometimes don't, a round of symposia, meetings, receptions, and dinners that are wound up with the bestowal of awards and speeches at the Academy-Institute's rambling building at Broadway and 155th Street. During those busy days I made occasional notes, none of them pertaining to the Big Thoughts of speakers and symposiasts, but to the little things that struck my fancy:

When reading from his prepared address at the final ceremony, C. P. Snow (he was amusingly misprinted in *The New York Times* as "Lord Sow") came upon the line "The literary mind might even help to cut its own throat." He paused a moment, then muttered, "A very nice mixed metaphor, if I may say so." At a press conference suavely run by Jacques Barzun earlier that afternoon, someone asked him what the category "Contemporary Thought" meant. Dr. Barzun replied, "It's one of those things that is either self-defining or undefinable." Bruno Bettelheim won in that category for his *The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales*, and he made a hit by beginning his acceptance speech: "Once upon a time, in a faraway land across the big sea, there was a very old city. . . ."

Earlier in the week, Time-Life Books gave a fine dinner atop the Chrysler Building for Anthony Burgess, who wrote the text for their elaborate book *New York*. As we entered the party, their publicity man announced that unfortunately Mr. Burgess couldn't attend, but they had sought out a distinguished guest with the same initials. Who? Abraham Beame. ◉



"Whatever happened to 'A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou'?"

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Middle-aged Adolescence and the Seven-Year Itch

by Judith Crist

MOVIE reviewing—"criticism," in the semantic-snob sense, does indeed seem too pretentious a word in the face of the current serving of audience fodder—boils down at the moment to a listing of social notes from all over.

The recent hit of Paris, *Un Eléphant Ça Trompe Enormément*, emerging here under the sort of Frangloise title of *Pardon Mon Affaire*, is a lightweight charmer, a pleasing little comedy much in the *Cousin, Cousine* manner. Directed and coauthored by Yves Robert, whose perceptive eye and sophisticated smile we appreciated in *Salut, L'Artiste* and *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*, it is a graceful and knowing consideration of the seven-year itch as it afflicts four tennis-playing pals in general and one in particular. The one, a civil servant on the rise, a well-married and fond husband and father, has suddenly found himself perched on the sixth-story ledge of an apartment house, clad only in a borrowed bathrobe, the focus of all eyes and rescue teams—and how he got there is the frame of the tale Robert has concocted with his longtime collaborator, Jean-Loup Dabadie.

Robert's concern is with love in the forties, the terrible technology of carrying out, let alone on, a romantic affair amid all the proprieties and routines that ordinary adults live by, the very coping with the sudden flood of sentimentality and wild imaginings that sets the scheduled mind awash in a sea of adulterous possibilities. The civil servant, Etienne, hitherto an amused observer of his friends' womanizing, is launched into that sea by the sight of a woman in red passing over an air vent in a garage—and sudden insanity ensues. But the insanity, as every civilized man knows, must be harnessed in the name of outward appearances, with all the schemes and dreams tethered to public normality, and only a sudden foolishness is apparent to the world.

It is Etienne's first indiscretion. His pals are oglers and adventurers, adolescent in their pranks and their affairs, and Etienne has been a relatively smug onlooker and sometime confidant. But suddenly to him, as it has to so many in their mid-forties, comes the moment of possibilities. And from that moment follows a delightful series of misadventures, of sublimations, of ineptitudes, and of frustrations. Chief among the last is, of course, Etienne's loving and beloved wife, a woman with interests of her own, with a strong sense of the territorial imperative, but with, above all, an understanding heart.

Jean Rochefort—"Awash in a sea of adulterous possibilities."

Robert's triumph is that he is concerned with adults, and he is blessed with an excellent cast that appreciates the childishness of the grown-ups at hand. Jean Rochefort's Etienne has the roar of the sea and the sound of gulls in his head to give scope to his dreams of the lovely Charlotte, but he keeps his feet on the ground, trip and stumble though they do. He is aided and abetted by his friends: Guy Bedos's Simon, a mother-ridden doctor whose mistress is available only when her doctor husband is out on "serious" emergencies; Victor Lanoux's Bouly, a macho womanizer astounded and infuriated by his wife's abandoning him; and Claude Brasseur's Daniel, a car salesman who is the court jester and super-macho of the group and whose romantic life is a sad revelation. With the help of his chums, Etienne has his moment—but it is only a moment, memorable though it may be. Life goes on for all, including Anny Duperey's lovely lady in red and Daniele Delorme's charming Marthe, the enduring wife. Robert scorns the obvious and the bittersweet. His choice is the "logically" bizarre, a fitting conclusion to his all too human comedy.

For purely adolescent comedy, and further proof that Monty Python's kind of humor is at its best in short sketches, there's *Jabberwocky*, a "medieval farce" directed by Terry Gilliam, an ex-Pythonite, and coauthored by him with Charles Alverson. With the Lewis Carroll poem as its leitmotiv, the tale is of Dennis Cooper's bumpkin adventures in the big city, where he becomes involved with knights and tournaments and slops and blood and finally with the monster besieging the king-

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dom, all for the sake of the obese Griselda back home. There are intermittent moments of wild satire and inventive comedy; there is even more of the lavatory humor so dear to the hearts of the British and of juveniles anywhere; and there is gore galore to turn the black comedy unappetizingly crimson. There are attractive performances, particularly by Michael Palin as the dumb Dennis and Max Wall as King Bruno the Questionable, and a remarkably imaginatively conceived monster at the gate. But the insistence of the approach that leads to the film's promotional boast—"At last . . . a movie for the squeamish!"—becomes wearing. For teenagers it does not.

For Sam Peckinpah's devotees, the least squeamish of all film cultists, his newest film, *Cross of Iron*, provides an ultimate wallow in the obscenities of human destruction. This Anglo-German production, with screenplay by Julius J. Epstein, Walter Kelley, and James Hamilton, based on the book by Willi Heinrich, is a mélange of slow-motion murder and mayhem, pretentious dialogue and stereotyped characters—in the Peckinpah tradition of proving his pacifism by depicting violence in all its refinements and varieties. By comparison with this orgiastic view of the German Army's last stand against the Russian onslaught on the eastern front in 1943, *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs* emerge as sweetly romantic explorations of the sunny side of human behavior. American audiences, alas, will be deprived of some 11 minutes cut in order to earn an "R" rather than "X" rating from the Motion Picture Association's rating code board: these included an "action" view of a German's castration by a female Russian soldier in the course of oral sex. The board has thoughtfully left in the bloody aftermath for our edification.

A number of reputable actors are involved: Maximilian Schell, as a self-described "Prussian aristocrat" determined to return home with an Iron Cross; David Warner and James Mason, as seemingly disillusioned officers; James Coburn, as a one-man army of whom Mason says, "Steiner is a myth, but men like him are our last hope, and in that sense he is a truly dangerous man." One of Coburn's contributions to this kind of lilting dialogue is, "I believe God is a sadist—and doesn't even know it." Small doubt, however, about the makers of this film.

German television has, however, given us an excellent film version of *The Wild Duck*, Henrik Ibsen's dour indictment of the righteous man. The "opening" of the play was conceived by its director, Hans W. Geissendorfer, a thirty-six-year-old filmmaker whose first work this is to be shown here. The focus of the play, so confined in the stage version, has been enlarged to give us a context in which Hjalmar, the lazy, degenerating intellectual living on self-delusion, leads a not unhappy existence with his wife, daughter, and aged father-in-law. The delusions—the empty room to house the "invention" that Hjalmar will one day dream up; the crowded attic, with its simulated wildlife setting, where the bunnies for the grandfather to "hunt" and the tamed wild duck for the child to pet are kept—are made vivid and vulnerable to the onslaught of Gregers, Hjalmar's schoolmate. He invades the household with his determination to make everyone face the "truth," luxuriate in "forgiveness," and thereby be morally cleansed and happy. And the drama of the righteous villain is given immense power and a tragic force often lacking in the confines and verbosity of the play itself.

Cross of Iron—*"Violence in all its refinements and varieties."*

In this production the child emerges as the central figure, remarkably portrayed by Anne Bennent, who brings a purity and that "middle-aged" look of the nineteenth-century child to the role. Peter Kern is the slothful and foolish Hjalmar; Bruno Ganz, the nerve-tight, neurotically moral Gregers. The only false note is struck by Jean Seberg, far too lovely and sophisticated for the ex-housemaid who has settled for an arranged marriage to Hjalmar. She is the only flaw in this absorbing rendition of the usually stark but now deeply moving drama. ◉

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Dance

Ballet from the Bleachers

by Walter Terry

"THE *gymnasium circuit*," the late, great Helen Tamiris was wont to chuckle, "used to be our only touring outlet, and we gave it our best." Tamiris, one of the founders of America's modern dance, meant that she and her colleagues—Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Hanya Holm—never could have toured in the 1930s if it had not been for the loyal and lone sponsorship of college and university dance departments. "The old dance gym has come back to New York City" was the way Doris Hering, executive director of the National Association for Regional Ballet, put it as she recently introduced a gala benefit program for the NARB in the Barnard College gym.

And "*gymnasium circuit*" ballet indeed came back with a mighty flourish for this single evening in a program that frequently overshadowed presumably more glamorous events at, say, Lincoln Center or the Uris Theater on Broadway. A distinguished audience paid benefit-level admission prices for the privilege of sitting bolt upright on wooden bleacher seats with no backs and no pampering of anyone's gluteus maximus. There were no poor theatrical sight lines, for the performers were never more than a few feet away from the viewers. The resultant intimacy was exciting. The special twist of the occasion was that non-Broadway dancers came to a New York gymnasium to display their skills, instead of Broadwayites heading for a basketball court in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Houlton and Thompson in "Wingborne"—"Gentle and lyrical in its romancing."

As a matter of fact, Tulsa did come—that is, the Tulsa Civic Ballet, directed by Polish-born Roman Jasinski and his Shawnee Indian wife, Moscelyne Larkin. Both onetime principals of the old Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the Jasinskis presented a full-length, brightly costumed ballet, *Polish Tribute* (Jasinski choreography to Chopin music). *Tribute* had a corps of 11 girls (ages fourteen to sixteen), and two teen-age soloists, Dorothy Birdwell and Timothy Fox, who are as good as many featured dancers you might see with the American Ballet Theatre or the New York City Ballet.

Indeed, stars of both the ABT and the NYCB gave of their time and talent to contribute to this salute to the National Association for Regional Ballet—the executive branch of America's five ballet regions, from coast to coast, and their 125-plus-member companies. Gelsey Kirkland, ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre, and the Danish star, Peter Martins, of the New York City Ballet, brought the gala to a roaring finish—to shouts of *bravo! brava! bravi!*—with George Balanchine's "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux." To be close to this beautifully perilous showpiece, with its vertiginous spins, vaulting leaps, hurtlings through space, and split-second catches, was a welcome dividend.

Equally lovely, but ever so gentle and lyrical in its romancing, was a modern dance duet, "Wingborne," choreographed by Loyce Houlton, director of the Minnesota Dance Theatre, and exquisitely performed by Lise Houlton and Andrew Thompson. Earlier in the program, Miss Kirkland had another cavalier than Mr. Martins, Iceland's Helgi Tomasson, also of the New York City Ballet, for the "Adage" section of the pas de deux from *The Nutcracker*. Union protocol to the contrary, the internationally famous ballerina gave a helping hand with recalcitrant costume hooks to a Tulsa kid in the midst of a frantic costume change in the gym's improvised wings.

Other professionals gave of their skills for the benefit of the association, which fosters the nation's dancers of tomorrow. Among these professionals were members of the Pauline Koner Dance Consort, a modern dance group, and Lee Theodore's American Dance Machine, which is dedicated to the preservation and performance of great dance numbers from Broadway shows and from movies. Members of the Machine danced Bob Fosse's "Rich Kids' Rag," from the 1962 musical *Little Me*. Then Helen Douglas, a novice choreographer but an experienced professional dancer, was joined by George Montalbano, a fellow soloist in the Eliot Feld Ballet, in

Maya Plisetskaya in Isadora—*"Reduced her blaze to an enchanting glow."*

an attractive work-in-progress duet that she devised to music of Schubert. And the City Ballet's young Robert Weiss, also a budding choreographer, presented Bart Cook, of his own NYCB company, with Starr Danias, a Joffrey Ballet alumna, in a splendidly danced pas de deux, "Of Other Times" (Handel).

A heartwarming example of how dancers cross company (or party) lines to help each other and the cause of dance itself was the opening exercise, symbolized in fact by ballet exercises in a short ballet class conducted by David Howard, president of the NARB and a distinguished and enormously popular ballet master, and executed by a cross section of young dancers from several companies.

Not until it was all over did audience members take note of their tired backs,

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stiff knees, and numb posteriors, for the NARB had presided over one of the best dance shows New York has seen this spring. It was in a gym. It smelled like a gym. Tamiris, indomitable pioneer of the gymnasium circuit, would have loved it.

Lest the dance pilgrim to New York think that his ballet whirl will be centered in a steamy gym, let me hasten to add that there was, is, and will be plenty of dance variety on the glittering Great White Way of Broadway. Perhaps the most glittering single moment was provided by the Bolshoi Ballet's blazing Maya Plisetskaya, guest star with Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century [*SR*, March 19], when she stood alone on a huge table onstage at the Uris Theater and drove no fewer than 40 male dancers—and no telling how many more men in the audience—mad with desire! Marvelous Maya was, of course, dancing Béjart's brilliantly theatrical version of *Boléro* (Ravel), which he has conceived choreographically as a slow, steady, mounting, remorseless, insistent generation of sexual energy to the point of explosion when the 40 men hurl themselves at their seductress.

Plisetskaya reduced her blaze to an absolutely enchanting glow, making it an evocation (*not* imitation) of Isadora Duncan in Béjart's *Isadora*, a dance inspired by a poem composed by Isadora's Russian-poet-madman husband, Sergei Essenin. Not everyone liked this dance, with its splashes and brushes of tenderness, womanliness, heroics, foolishness, and tragic grandness. I did. Genius cannot be imitated. But it can be celebrated. Plisetskaya, through her unique performing genius, and Béjart, through his explosive and controversial choreographic genius, simply paid homage to their majestic ancestress.

The Béjart company, which I had seen recently in its home, the royal theater in Brussels, gave electrifying performances in New York. I won't go into detail about it again except to report that it is one of the best-trained companies in the world, that Jorge Donn (the principal male dancer in a contingent of male dancers unequaled anywhere in ballet) is an artist of the highest caliber, and that Béjart's treatment of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* makes the word "sensational" seem pallid. I might add that *Marimba*, a trance dance created by the young American modern dance choreographer Lar Lubovitch, remains the hypnotic, superbly inventive, yet faultlessly crafted masterwork I thought it was when I attended the Brussels premiere. And a fig for . . . no, a pox on . . . those who disagree! ◉

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Theater

Musicals and the Unquiet American

Martha Swope

Annie—*"The most accurate emblem of a country sick of its own sourness."*

by Gordon Rogoff

THE prevailing myth is that the best and most original theater Americans have produced is musical comedy. I prefer to believe that the best and most original *American* we have produced is the musical comedy performer. Think about it. Who would be your desert island favorite? Helen Hayes or Helen Morgan? Ethel Barrymore or Ethel Merman? Can there be hesitation? On the one side, there is Hayes's and Barrymore's pious, deadly good taste; on the other, Merman's blowsy, vulgar, marvelously lively bad taste. The American musical comedy performer, at his or her best, is one of the few antidotes to such American (though not exclusively American) afflictions as righteousness, sentimentality, and murderous goodwill. A good tune, an insinuating lyric, and a shifting rhythm were all that Merman needed. She wasn't the mathematical result of a few studiously learned skills. She couldn't dance Giselle, and she couldn't sing Butterfly (though I have often thought longingly of her untried Brünnhilde); nor did she ever win contests for refinement of technique or subtlety of feeling. Yet she was always the most natural of American forces: not bigger than life, but better, every vocal inch of her a statement about the frontier spirit. Her world was whole, present, musical, and—as a dividend—vulnerably comic.

The myth has been, however, about the shows themselves. When Rodgers lost Hart and found Hammerstein, the musical comedy took a new course. The sound of music was still there, but the comedy gave way to the Big Idea, weighty messages about Hate and Fear, Love and Learning, Dreams and Illusions. We were told that Hammerstein had patented a new invention called the Musical Play, as if Hofmannsthal–Strauss and Brecht–Weill had not changed the face of musical theater twice over years before. It is our custom, apparently, to be outside history or to be busily rewriting it.

All new musicals, of course, are trying to be history. If thinking could make it so, any new musical would easily dance into the books as an improvement on the Second Coming. Dizzy enthusiasts who find Beckett puzzling, Ibsen clumsy, or Chekhov slow can find the most amazing virtues in the trashiest musical. There is no way of knowing in advance why one form of rubbish might be luckier with the press and the audience than another. Years ago, a show called *Kelly* opened and closed on Broadway in one night, passing into legend as the flop to end all flops, but I am willing to swear that it was no worse than *Annie* (Alvin Theatre on Broadway), this year's hit to end all hits.

Annie tops *Kelly* because the dice were thrown at the right moment. It is supposed to be the first Carter musical, meaning it is the first show during Carter's presidency to reflect whatever it is that we think *we* know *he* knows. (A command performance of excerpts from the show was given at the White House during the Washington, D.C., tryout.) For me, on the contrary, it is really the first post-Nixon show. Thomas Meehan based the show on the comic strip *Little Orphan Annie*. He has crafted a new, occasionally amusing rags-to-riches story that follows Annie's journey from the orphanage to the Fifth Avenue mansion of Oliver Warbucks. The strip's neo-fascism has been laundered to suit the neo-liberalism of our time. Now it is the most accurate emblem of a country sick of its own sourness: a cartoon born again, celebrating cynical wealth, conservative optimism, spunky kids, and trained dogs. With all those elements neatly in place, it doesn't have to be good as music, lyrics, or theater. *Annie* confirms what Nixon successfully covered up in his own devious person and what Jimmy has been assuring us: we *are* good, and since thinking can make it *seem* so, many of us are willing to return the compliment.

What *is* good, if not redemptive, about *Annie* are some of the performers, particularly Dorothy Loudon as Miss Hannigan, the mistress of the orphanage, addicted to *Ma Perkins*, booze, lies, and a remarkably sympathetic loathing of little girls. Loudon walks as if she were really two people, the first scouting for an ambush, the other waiting for word that the coast is clear. She learns that Daddy Warbucks is going to adopt Annie. "Wonderful news," she says. "My, my, my. . . ." Then she asks to be excused for a moment. Taking a slow, al-

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most dainty death march into the hallway, she can at last release the scream that has been locked inside of her. This is only one of many extended double takes lavished on a complicated woman who could so easily have become the cartoon almost everybody else is playing. Loudon offers the outrageous yell, the popping eye, and the bumping grind, but behind them all stands the distraught heart, numb with rage and heavy with unrepentant greed. That she is so special, so unapologetically funny and appealing in such an impoverished show—tunes going nowhere, lyrics discharging such astounding insights as "Tomorrow is always a day away"—is another sign that the Merman legacy is still alive and well, if not necessarily in the service of a smart idea.

One jarring moment in *Annie* occurs when Charles Strouse, the composer of the doodling score, seems to think it might be a smart idea to crib the rhythms, orchestration, and drift of a tune from the ample warehouse of Kurt Weill. The scene is in a Hooverville beneath the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge during the Depression, and the freshly washed bums and their mates, looking like early settlers in Levittown, sing "Who knew I could steal?"—not a question that a clever thief should ask.

Weill is one of the smart ideas largely missing from *Annie* (Strouse should have cribbed some more), but he is very much in evidence in *Happy End,* recently presented by the Chelsea Theater Center in Brooklyn and later moved to the Martin Beck Theatre on Broadway. This is the 1929 collaboration between Brecht and Weill, presented then as a play by Dorothy Lane, a pseudonym for Brecht's friend Elisabeth Hauptmann; later, Brecht disowned it. By now the show has as much Brecht in it as *Annie* has, its book and lyrics adapted by Michael Feingold and its production "newly conceived and directed by Robert Kalfin with musical staging by Patricia Birch." In other words, a disowned child is producing a bastard. Brecht might wince at some of Feingold's improvements ("you rat" for "du Hund," or words like "creep" and phrases like "Can it"), but even he would have to admit that the Weill score is worth rescuing, especially as played with such jaunty precision under the musical direction of Roland Gagnon.

The production looked cramped, forced, and ugly on the Chelsea stage. Even so, some of the players—particularly Raymond J. Barry, Benjamin Rayson, and Tony Azito—were as direct, mercurial, and fundamentally honest as Brecht actors must be. Lotte Lenya can't play Salvation Army lasses anymore, so Meryl Streep, a young American actress, made the leap into the bitter distance of the Brecht–Weill world. She fell, I'm afraid, only within shouting distance of the other side, even though her arrogant coldness might win browbeaten friends and influence slavish people.

Seen earlier this year as a Barbie-doll Dunyasha in *The Cherry Orchard* at Lincoln Center, Streep can do everything efficiently, but nothing really well. Her singing voice breaks into three equal parts: high, middle, and low, the top part pinched, hooty, and as empty as her cartoon Orphan Annie eyes. When she sings about water going up and ships going down, tiny invisible strings seem to pull her arms up for the one and down for the other. She seems not so much rehearsed as programmed. Perhaps she is the first Carter actress, always ready with a smile and a cop-out.

Some time ago, Brecht's widow, Helene Weigel, suggested Merman for the role of Mother Courage in the Broadway production of *Mother Courage and Her Children.* Such casting would have served Brecht as richly as the casting of Bert Lahr in *Waiting for Godot* served Beckett. It didn't happen, because most straight plays are cast with straight actresses, though there is no reciprocal trade agreement restraining straight and narrow actresses from invading musicals. Our best musical comedy performers, Loudon and Merman among them, belong in our best plays. But it may be just as well that they don't so appear: if they were in plays, some of us wouldn't have musicals to kick around anymore.

• *Side by Side by Sondheim* (The Music Box theater): a tribute to Stephen Sondheim, our wisest, wittiest, and most unkickable musical comedy composer and lyricist, performed with equal wisdom, wit, and kicking good spirits by its British inventors, Millicent Martin, Julia N. McKenzie, David Kernan, and Ned Sherrin.

• *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel,* by David Rabe: this was a limited Broadway run of the Theatre Company of Boston's version of the play that was supposed to do for Vietnam what *The Naked and the Dead* was supposed to have done for World War II. One of those rambling, incoherent, stressful plays that can't help finding a rude glamour in the thing it thinks it is denouncing, it was an occasion saved by the raw, wounded, edgy presence of Al Pacino. ◉

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Manner of Speaking

Mailbag Continued: Knocking Them Galley-west

by John Ciardi

Galley-west: I have been trying for years to locate a buyable copy of Joseph Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, published by H. Frowde, London, 1898. (Used-book dealers please note and quote condition and price.)

Until I can come by my own copy, I remain indebted to Jinnie Y. Davis of Bloomington, Indiana, for the *EDD*'s entries from "Collyshangle" to "Colly-Woppered" by way of "Collyshangy," "Collyweston," "Collywoobles," and "Colleyswoggle."

"Collyweston"—with the variant forms "Colleywest," "Colley Weston," "Colley West"—meaning "awry, not in order, confused, messed up," is usually cited by lexicographers as the origin of "galley-west" in the idiom "to knock galley-west," meaning "to hit one a stunning blow." Some lexicographers have even speculated about a legendary Colley West or Colley Weston who did everything wrong.

I have never been satisfied with these unattested speculations. If mere speculation could serve, I could have acknowledged the Englishification of French by building a case around *col à l'ouest*, meaning "neck to the west," meaning idiomatically "awry," were there such an idiom in French. As far as I know there is not, and so much for random speculation, though "colly" may yet be shown to derive from the French *col*.

In any case, I am persuaded by E. K. Liberatore, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, that "to knock galley-west" has no connection with "Collyweston."

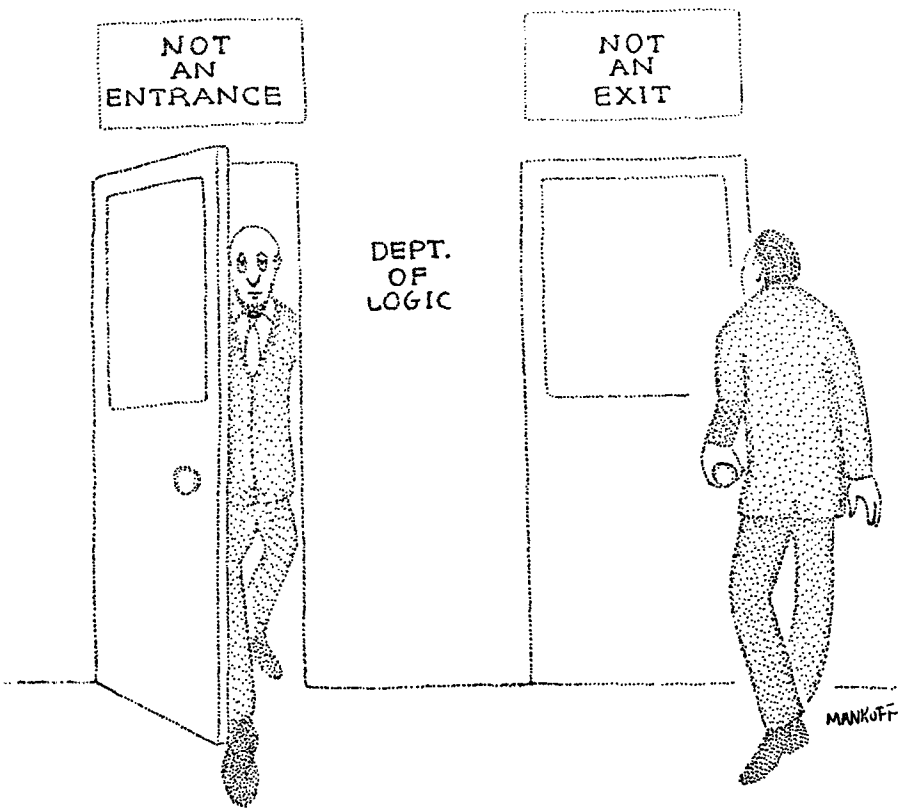
Mr. Liberatore begins with "galleass," a two- or three-masted lateen-rigged war galley first developed in the sixteenth century and long the leading man-of-war in the Mediterranean. At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, the galleasses forced the defeat of the Turks, thereby turning back their thrust into Europe. Galley-west would be a natural Anglicized form of the French *galleass*, and certainly this ship was capable of some substantial knocking about. But Mr. Liberatore makes a further brilliant connection that, to my mind, fixes the exact origin of the expression "to knock galley-west."

He cites the *1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (reprinted in facsimile in 1971 by Follett Publishing Company of Chicago, with a foreword by Bob Cromie). Mr. Liberatore points to the entry "galley" and to the description of the sailor's game of "building the galley":

> It being agreed to play at the game, one sailor personates the builder, and another the merchant or contractor: the builder first begins by laying the keel, which consists of a number of men laid all along on their backs, one after another, that is, head to foot; he next puts in the ribs or knees by making a number of men sit feet to feet, at right angles to, and on each side of, the keel: he now fixing on the person intended to be the object of the joke, observes he is a fierce-looking fellow and fit for a lion; he accordingly places him at the head, his arms being held or locked in by the two persons next to him, representing the ribs. After several other dispositions, the builder delivers the galley over to the contractor as complete: but he, among the other faults and objections, observes the lion is not gilt, on which the builder or one of his assistants runs to the head, and dipping a mop in excrement, thrusts it into the face of the lion.

A salty sort of game, friends—if "salty" will do to describe it—but if you really mean to knock someone galley-west, you now know how it was done in the good old days of iron men on wooden ships.

And let me add a thanks to Edmund Bierly, of Miami, Florida, who cited Captain Francis Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (London, 1785) as containing another reference to this salty game. Grose has been reissued in recent years, and word buffs will find his books full of choice etymologies. ◉



Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 124

EDWIN NEWMAN:
A CIVIL TONGUE

An NBC memorandum once described the news assignment desk as being in a nonvacation, full-staff configuration. If you do intend to take a nonvacation, your place of work is the best place to do it. Configuratively speaking.

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF? MY TRUST FUND
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SAXON

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World Progress Report

The Blooming Desert

The last time we looked, back in 1975, desert horticulturists were all excited about the potential of jojoba shrub juice as a substitute for whale oil. Now another desert weed, the guayule, is attracting enthusiastic interest as a source of rubber. According to a March report from the National Academy of Sciences (NAS), the two-foot-high guayule, which grows wild in the American Southwest and in northern Mexico, can yield as much as one-quarter of its total weight in latex.

The domestic product, says the NAS report, stretches and bounces just like foreign rubber, which is currently imported at an annual volume of about 700,000 tons—and an annual cost of about $500 million. According to the NAS report, "there is ample land in Texas and the Southwest to grow enough guayule to fill the nation's annual rubber needs."

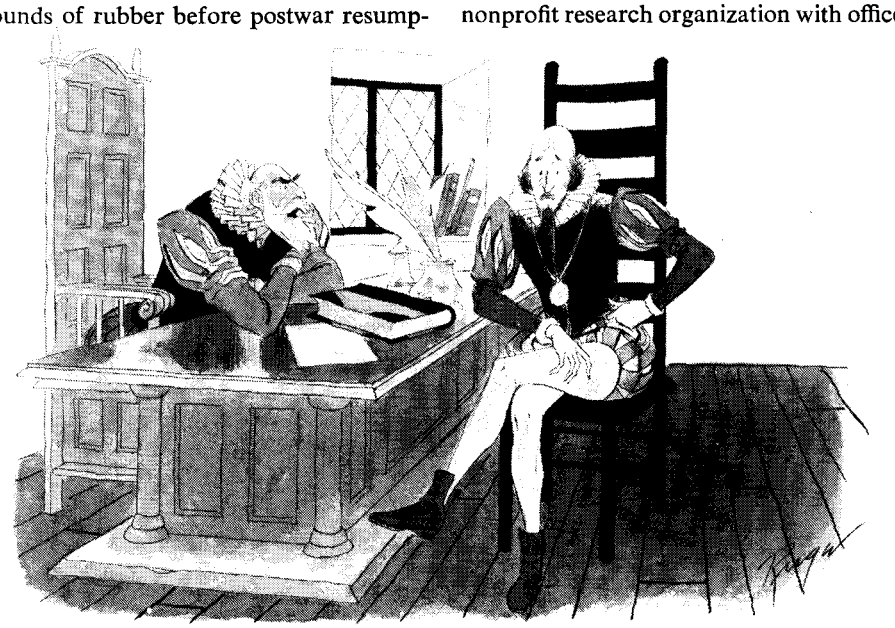
The Aztecs of Mexico used guayule to make pre-Columbian basketballs and chewing gum. As recently as 1910, wild-growing guayule supplied as much as 50 percent of this country's rubber. When World War II cut off the supply from Southeast Asia, government-sponsored guayule plantations produced 3 million pounds of rubber before postwar resumption of imports put them out of business.

As the U.S. balance of trade becomes more precarious, however, and world supplies of natural rubber are stretched increasingly thin to meet growing demand, guayule may bounce back. Two southwestern congressmen have introduced bills to authorize $60 million in federal funds for a five-year program to reestablish a guayule-based domestic rubber industry.

Unreal Estates

The persistent willingness of many otherwise prudent citizens to buy, sight unseen, homesites in far-off land subdivisions attests both to the sleight-of-tongue skills of the sellers and the talent for self-delusion of the buyers. In recent years, numerous exposés, investigations, and well-publicized court actions have uncovered the tricks of the land hustlers' trade and put suckers on fair notice. Still, the buying and selling continue, while effective legislation to protect both the land and the consumer lags far behind.

For prospective land buyers as well as for those who have already taken the plunge there is now a three-volume encyclopedia of abuses endemic in the land-sales business. Published by INFORM, a nonprofit research organization with offices at 25 Broad Street, New York City, the study is aptly and ironically titled *Promised Lands*. The first volume, published last winter, describes in telling detail the often shady sales techniques employed and the consumer-protection and environmental standards in effect at a number of typical subdivisions in the Southwest. (Officers of one of the companies in the study have since been convicted by a jury on multiple counts of criminal fraud and sentenced to jail.) Volume II does the same for a representative sample of subdivisions in Florida. The final volume of the study, due soon, will examine subdivision laws in six states where land hustlers have been hyperactive.



"Dammit, Will, make up your mind! We start rehearsals in a fortnight, so are you going to call it 'A Midsummer's Night Dream' or 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

That Lucky Old Sun

Without so much as a blackout or a price hike or an embargo, without even blowing a fuse, the sun has been powering all the natural and man-made energy systems on earth for several billion years. Despite the star's demonstrated utility as the ultimate utility, however, most of the new crop of instant energy experts pooh-pooh the idea of plugging into the sun as a prime energy source for the future. Solar power is an impractical dream, they say.

Not so, retorts Denis Hayes, a senior researcher at the Worldwatch Institute, a Washington-based organization that reports on global environmental and social problems. According to Hayes's book *Rays of Hope*, we could increase the share of energy we derive from renewable solar sources from today's 20 percent to 40 percent by the turn of the century, and double the latter figure by about the year 2025. "Every essential feature of the proposed solar transition has already proven technically viable," claims Hayes. "If the fifty-year timetable is not met, the roadblocks will have been political—not technical."

Meanwhile, not to be caught napping while the sun shines, the federal Energy Research and Development Administration and the Georgia Power Company have announced plans to build and study the operation of the nation's first major commercial solar-power plant. Costing about $16 million and located near Atlanta, the plant will pool heat from five acres of solar collectors to produce electricity and steam for sale to a nearby textile factory. The experimental plant, jointly designed by Georgia Institute of Technology researchers and the Westinghouse Corporation, is planned as a prototype for a new generation of power generators around the country.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

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Philip *from page 10*

no comparison at all. The Russian system is a total disaster, total failure. They have to buy technology from all over the world and even then they can't make it work. There is nothing wrong with the Russians, it's just something wrong with the system.

I believe that one of the reasons is that in the defense system, the producer controls the consumer utterly. It is a completely closed system and the consumer really has nothing to say, and he is also the producer anyway because the two aspects are linked utterly together. There is no way in which he can escape. But on the civil side you can always escape. If somebody makes shoes you don't want, you just don't use them. You go and make your own or you wear clogs or something. . . . So you can always defeat the system. In fact, the most efficient way of relating consumer to producer is through a market, and this is really the clue to the difference between our system and the system in the comrade countries, not the people themselves.

So far, we've been talking about what the British think of themselves and what they can do about themselves. But one alarming development—you must have noticed as you travel the world—is the drop in Britain's reputation overseas since we last talked. You only have to read the world press—the Japanese, the German, the French, the American—to remark how people all over the world are saying, well, the British—we've had enough of them. . . .

No, they aren't saying they have had enough of them; they are saying "poor old British," which I think is almost worse—the knowledge that people should feel sorry for us. In any case, we have virtually left the league of the big powers. You know, Third World here we come!

That brings us back to the question of what kind of aspirations we have for ourselves; to the need for a national ambition or goal. The Marxists have very clear aims—almost a religion. The Americans still believe that their system is God's gift to mankind, for all the traumas they've suffered. The Brazilians, they tell us, are going to be one of the world's great powers. And you are saying that we are not in that league anymore. . . . Fine. Well, maybe not so fine! The British don't want to spend all their time worrying about the future of the world or the future role of the country. But people need some sense of objective, of role, of purpose—in national terms. What is it?

I disagree absolutely. I think this is a totally intellectual phobia, or rather an obsession. And I don't think it has any practical quality whatever.

What people want to know is what they should be doing, how they fit in with the system, what are their opportunities, how can they live, how can they exist as human beings, what are the pressures, what are the challenges, what are the opportunities, what are reasonable ambitions, what should I want to be able to do?

In a great effort to make life easier for people we have really, in many cases, removed the one thing that makes it interesting, which is a challenge and an opportunity. A risk both of loss and gain.

People are confused about what they should be doing, what their standards should be, what they should be expecting. It was so easy a hundred years ago. Everyone knew what he should do. He should go out, work hard, earn a living, provide for his children, provide for health, provide for old age, leave something solid for his children, accumulate some wealth and some treasures of various kinds. . . . He wanted to be remembered for being a successful person, to contribute to charity, to . . . the community.

These were all things which were taken for granted. You know it was so well understood, but if you want any of these things today, they are all cut off. You need not try to provide for your children, because the State says, "No, we are better able to educate them." You need not try to provide (well, you can try) for your health, because the State says, "No, we can do it for you." You need not try to provide for your old age, because you have got to be taxed to provide other social benefits, and in any case there is a national pension scheme. You mustn't accumulate wealth (well, it is not a question of *mustn't*, but it is so arranged that you *shouldn't*).

We've turned the whole thing, in a sense, upside down. Now we may learn to live with it this way round, but it would be something very new. It would be a complete reversal of what I would have thought was the normal human nature and inclination in this country.

Perhaps you can't change human nature . . . but there have been periods when people were content to be slaves—

Not here. . . .

—and the sense of independence—the desire for property and self-reliance—can surely be wiped out. . . .

Well, you can confuse people, absolutely, so that they don't know what they should be doing, although they probably know what they would like to do.

And are you saying that we can reverse the process, that there is something industry can do to change attitudes?

Well, you are suggesting that, by saying that industry and commerce have not explained themselves and have not explained how their system works. It is now considered to be immoral, but it is not a question of morality at all. It's not the system that is immoral, it's the people who operate it who are moral or immoral.

Many of our problems go far beyond the economic worries. There's a sense that standards generally have been slipping—a lot of anxiety about business morality seeming to slip in some quarters, as well as the general misgivings over "permissiveness." Does this concern you?

I suppose there is more dishonesty in not only public but also private life. Too many people assumed the whole permissive period was merely destroying the restrictions on sexual behavior, whereas of course it is very difficult to isolate those utterly. If you introduce a permissive attitude, it spills over into almost all sorts of behavior. People say "*we* didn't used to do this, but it is okay now"—so you get a general lowering of standards, and it is rather like Sisyphus pushing a stone up a hill. You have got to push like anything just to keep it there. If you stop pushing, you go down. It's not so much that people have wanted to lower standards, but they have stopped trying to have better ones.

You see a great deal of industry and you talk to young people very often. What sort of advice would you give them about possible careers in business? Is there any area that you find especially stimulating and worthwhile?

Certainly the growth industries in this country are much the most exciting: the sort of science-based industries which have got tremendous potential. But the difficulty —and I think this is one of the things that we suffer from so terribly—is that it is almost impossible to start a company; or you can, but it is not necessarily any great advantage. I talked recently to a chap who started his own electronics company, and I said, "That's marvelous," and he said how wonderfully he was doing; it had grown up. So I said, "And how well-off are you?" and he said, "I've got the biggest overdraft in the country," and I said, "That's not much cop, is it?" I don't think he is worried by the fact that he is not making a fortune, but if you want to get other people to go into business, you have got to realize that people want to do something for themselves, but that there's got to be something for themselves as well. ◉

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 85* (see page 41): Good resolutions are simply checks that men draw on a bank where they have no account. —Wilde

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Answer to *Wit wister* (see page 39):
glean, angel, angle, genal, Galen

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 Z¹		2 I	3 L	4 J	5 B	6 O	7 Q	8 K	9 C		10 W	11 S		12 W		13 R	14 S
15 Z	16 Q	17 K	18 N	19 C	20 I	21 F	22 T	23 O	24 Q	25 L	26 V		27 T	28 W	29 X	30 V	31 Y
32 O		33 X	34 T		35 E	36 N	37 Z	38 J	39 P		40 C	41 H	42 U		43 A	44 Q	45 O
46 N	47 X	48 Q		49 T	50 Y	51 F	52 N		53 X	54 J	55 N	56 L	57 C	58 K	59 O	60 D	
61 Q	62 N	63 K	64 T	65 Z	66 P	67 X		68 T	69 F		70 W	71 O		72 J	73 V	74 W	75 P
76 H	77 K		78 Q	79 A	80 Z¹		81 Q	82 E	83 D	84 N	85 X	86 J	87 F	88 C	89 T		90 O
91 Q	92 T	93 Z	94 R	95 N		96 O	97 N	98 E	99 Z	100 T		101 F	102 S	103 U	104 Z¹		105 A
106 E	107 X	108 H		109 H	110 Z	111 T	112 N	113 D		114 K	115 W	116 N	117 A	118 O	119 C	120 E	121 U
	122 N	123 Q	124 W		125 F	126 R	127 Z¹		128 U	129 X	130 S	131 K	132 V	133 W	134 T		135 Z¹
136 H	137 E		138 V	139 A	140 R	141 U	142 Y		143 H	144 S	145 B	146 R	147 Y	148 N		149 P	150 E
151 D	152 X	153 Q		154 B	155 U	156 L	157 K	158 O		159 V	160 H		161 F	162 N	163 I	164 N	165 O
166 D	167 R	168 Z		169 V	170 K	171 E	172 U		173 C	174 N	175 P	176 I	177 S	178 V	179 L		180 B
181 Y	182 D	183 Q		184 T		185 Z¹	186 N	187 Q	188 R	189 S		190 Q	191 W	192 C		193 B	194 X
195 U	196 J	197 T		198 E	199 V	200 Y	201 K	202 Z¹	203 Q		204 W	205 Q	206 C	207 N	208 O		209 W
210 Y	211 P	212 Z¹		213 J	214 V	215 R	216 B		217 Z¹	218 V	219 P	220 N	221 C	222 L		223 O	224 Z
	225 J	226 Y	227 K	228 S	229 N	230 E		231 X	232 R	233 I	234 Z¹		235 Q	236 U	237 Z	238 T	

Number 125

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Lorislike African lemur; kinkajou

B. Squealed

C. Theodor Fontane novel (2 wds.)

D. Constituent republic of the Soviet Union on the Baltic

E. Kept secret; cloaked (2 wds.)

F. Fine, smooth, crisp, lustrous fabric

G. Scram! Beat it! (2 wds.)

H. Named, called (2 wds.)

I. Seaport in the Ukraine

J. Agricultural Indians, formerly of Miss., Ala., La., and Ga.

K. Conspicuous artificiality of manner or appearance

L. Dashed violently against, battered

M. Complete enclosure used to defend a prominent point

WORDS

43 79 105 117 139

145 154 180 193 216 5

57 9 88 119 173 192 206 221 19 40

60 83 113 151 166 182

98 120 137 150 171 35 82 106 198 230

21 51 69 87 101 125 161

187 205 7 16 48 91 190 78

108 136 160 41 76 109 143

163 176 233 2 20

38 54 86 213 225 4 72 196

201 8 58 17 63 77 114 131 157 170 227

3 25 56 156 179 222

18 62 84 97 112 122 164

CLUES

N. World War I forerunner of World War II's "This is the Army" (3 wds.)

O. Estranged from, mad at (4 wds.)

P. Mississippi River port

Q. Chopin wrote 19 of these

R. Incomparable, unequaled

S. Predatory; greedy; famished

T. Knight of the Round Table, nephew of Lancelot (4 wds.)

U. Agalloch

V. One of the Twelve Disciples

W. Reason discursively

X. Decorates, bedecks

Y. Restrained, checked, kept back

Z. Exalting

Z¹. Wreck, bucket of bolts, tin lizzie

WORDS

95 174 207 116 229 46 148 186 52 36

55 162 220

23 90 158 165 6 45 59 71 208 96 223

32 118

149 211 66 219 39 75 175

183 203 235 81 123 153 24 44 61

140 167 215 232 188 13 126 146 94

177 130 102 189 228 14 144 11

49 22 64 92 111 134 238 100 197 27

184 34 68 89

103 236 121 141 172 128 195 42 155

30 218 178 159 132 214 26 199 169 73 138

74 28 209 10 191 204 70 115 12 124 133

129 29 231 152 47 107 33 67 194 85 53

50 31 200 210 181 226 147 142

65 224 237 93 110 99 37 15 168

104 1 212 185 234 127 202 80 135 217

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 124* appears on page 50.

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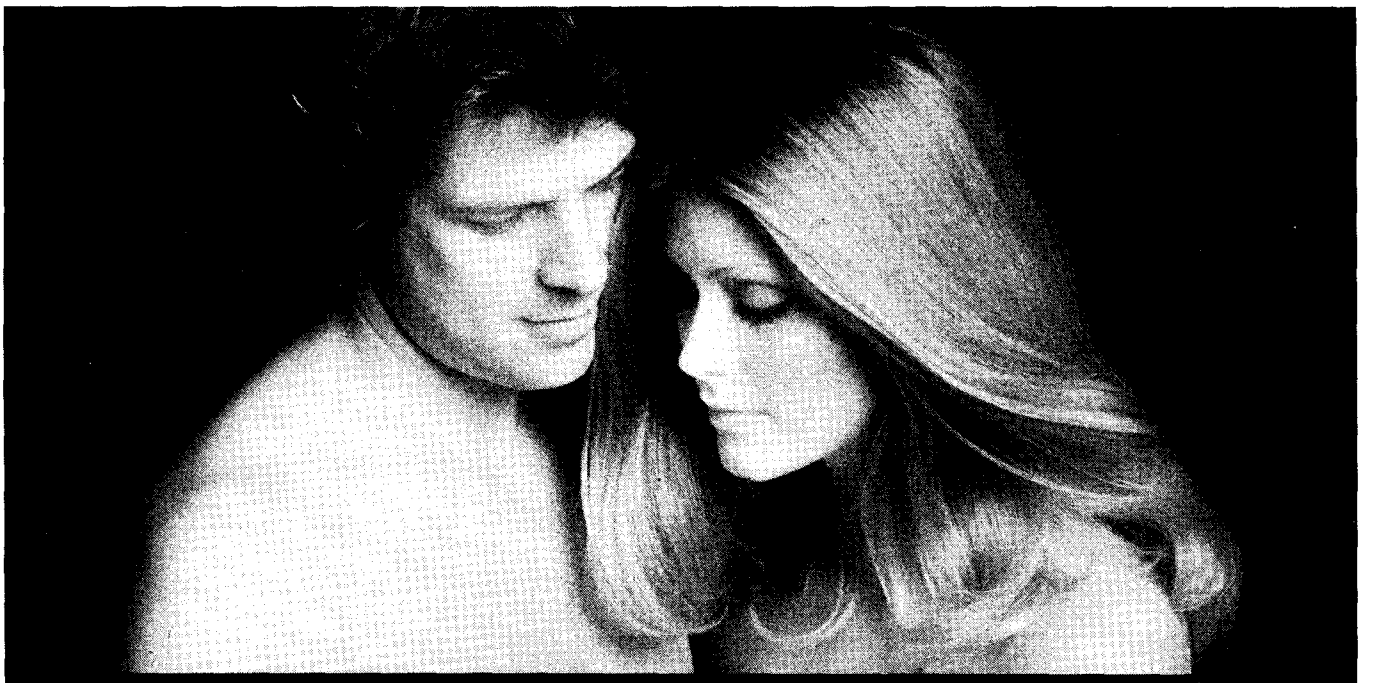

VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

Healthy hair is beautiful hair. Lustrous. Full. And hardy. But it doesn't get that way overnight. In fact, the condition of your hair was determined long ago below the surface of the scalp in the hair follicles.

In these hair follicles a complex reaction results in the formation of hair. But this reaction can malfunction or even cease if the right ingredients aren't available. And your hair can become dull, lifeless and sometimes even fall out or stop growing. Fortunately, though, researchers have now determined that these essential ingredients for hair growth are specific vitamins and minerals. If you don't feed your hair these nutrients, it can literally "starve" to death.

Based on these findings, we developed Head Start Vitamins. Head Start contains the eight vitamins and five minerals researchers say are essential for healthy hair. One daily Head Start Vitamin helps guarantee that you're getting these essential nutrients. Because after all, our modern processed foods make it harder than ever to receive adequate vitamins and minerals.

And hair grows seven times faster than body cells. So, general nutrition is just not adequate nor does it guarantee that you're getting the specific hair vitamins and minerals.

Before, the only answer to hair problems was externally applied conditioners and messy oil treatments. But now you can supplement your diet and condition your hair internally with Head Start Vitamins. Head Start is not a magical baldness preventative. It acts from the inside to give you healthy hair on the outside with the most advanced formula based on the latest nutritional studies. No external shampoos or conditioners can reach down to this crucial growth stage. And even if they did, they still wouldn't provide the proper nutrients.

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Atlanta, Georgia 30347

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Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1

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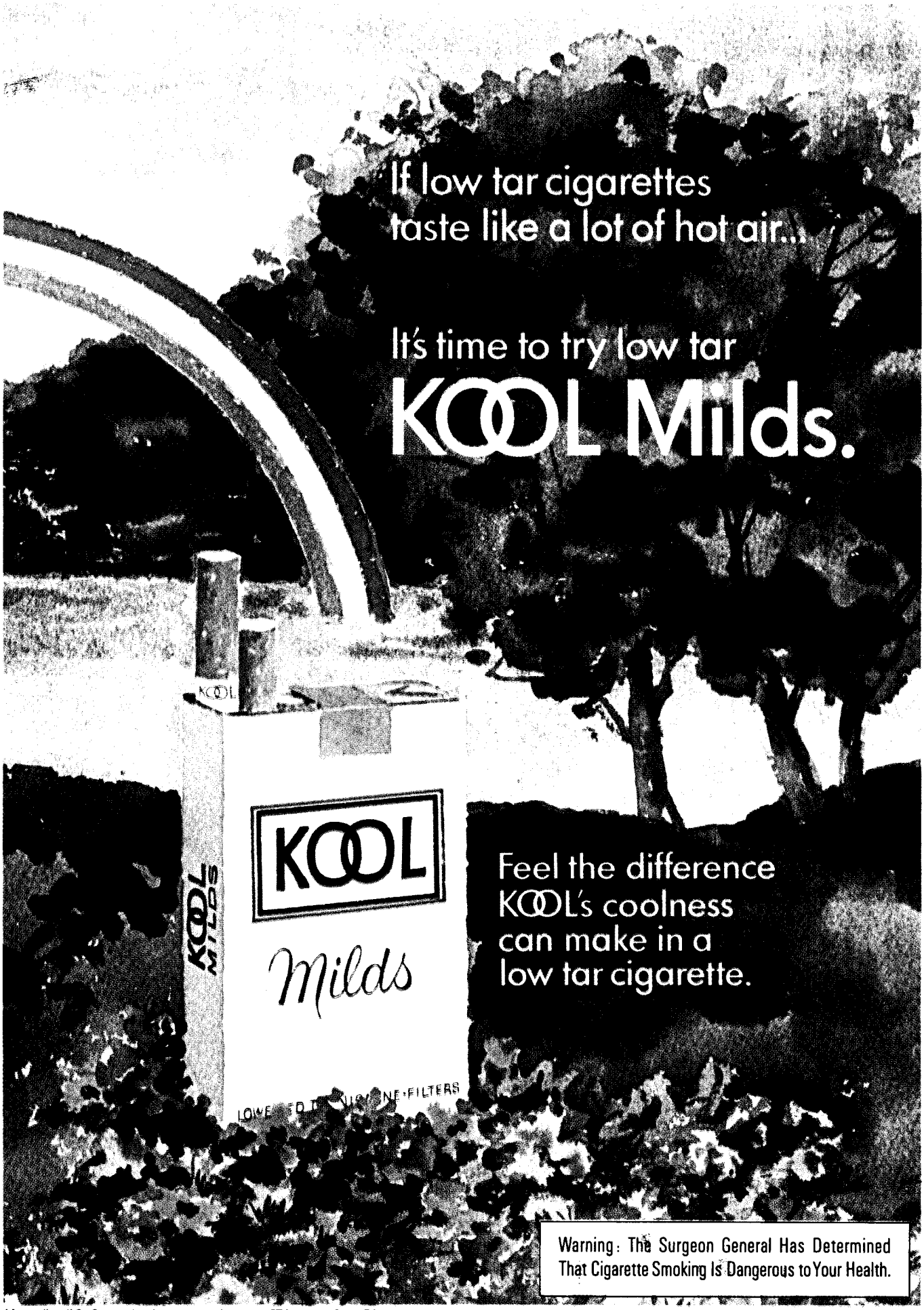
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